

'A VOYAGE TO' SOUTH AMERICA



AND
BUENOS AIRES
THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

IDA M. CAPPEAU



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A HUNTING SCENE
NORTHERN ARGENTINE

A VOYAGE TO SOUTH AMERICA
AND BUENOS AIRES
THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

BY
IDA M. CAPPEAU



BOSTON
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY
1916

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16-24

\$1.20

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no. 1

TO
MY FRIENDS
IN ARGENTINE

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INTRODUCTION

How many times in my dreams I have sailed on a summer day to that enchanted country of South America. In my fancy I have lived in that City Beautiful, Buenos Aires, the gay Paris of the Southern Hemisphere. I have always loved in my heart our beautiful, graceful, dark-eyed Latin cousins, and built many a romance around the dashing Spanish cavaliers of the early days of that country. In my dreams I have tried to imagine how beautiful the Bay of Rio de Janeiro really would be. I have even shuddered at the encountering of a huge boa constrictor twined around a tree, like the one we saw, as children, in the pictures of our old school geography. I have seen myself murdered by pirates, and robbed by wicked bandits. I have sizzled and baked with the heat and gasped for breath when crossing the equator. I thought I could almost see, high in the heavens, the wonderful Southern Cross. I have traversed on horseback the vast pampas, and have seen the brave "gauche" (or cowboy), with his great herds of cattle. But I have always awakened. They were only day dreams.

INTRODUCTION

The wonders of South America, its scenery and romance, had lured me as no other country ever had. Fancy, then, my surprise and delight when J., my husband, who is an oil and gas engineer, announced:

“We will sail in two weeks for Buenos Aires. Can you be ready?”

Could I be ready? I was at that very instant ready.

ABOARD THE S. S. *VASARI*

August 20th: Aboard the S. S. Vasari.

At last the eventful day arrived. Now J. was never known to get excited, or to be in a hurry, nor was he ever known to miss a train; but this morning he was awake at dawn, both anxious and excited. Our boat, the steamship *Vasari* of the Lampert and Holt Company's line, was not sailing until three o'clock in the afternoon from Pier 8, Brooklyn, but J. had no intention of missing it. We left our hotel at exactly eleven o'clock A. M. Not in an automobile,—oh, my, no! that possessed possibilities of a puncture; but in a good, strong, reliable, four-wheeler, all our luggage atop and inside,—there was to be no missing of boxes or parcels.

Until this moment in my life New York had possessed wonderful fascinations, but this morning, as we slowly made our way toward Brooklyn, everything looked mediocre. I only saw in my mind's eye the beautiful Bay of Rio de Janeiro and the wonders of foreign cities. Over and over, I was trying to pronounce correctly Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Bahia, and

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other strange names, and I was not a little perturbed, as I crossed the gang plank, with the idea that my first experience of a long voyage at sea was to be one of twenty-four days' duration. What if I should suffer *le mal de mer*?

The very moment I put my foot on deck I knew there was something I was not going to like about that boat. I wasn't just quite sure why, but it seemed to me she was wiggly. I forgot it for a time, while we investigated our cabin, which we found filled with those beautiful, loving tokens which dear friends send to brighten and gladden the voyage. Our telegrams and letters cheered us somewhat. Returning to the deck, we found that many of our fellow voyagers were arriving. They, with the friends who came to bid them adieu, made a gay scene. All was bustle and confusion.

We enjoyed a delightful lunch with a dear friend who had come to say adieu, and before we knew it we were sailing away, waving a last farewell to those we had left standing on the pier. We were off on our long journey.

Usually I would have raved over the beautiful ride down the New York bay, but the idea seized me of sending one more last word back by the pilot, and I rushed for paper and pen. When we saw him descend the long ladder and steam away, we knew that our fate was sealed, — that nothing but death or a miracle could

separate us from the *Vasari*. We turned to look at her. What a splendid vessel she was,—with wide decks, polished hard wood floors, chintz hung cabins, linen covered furniture in the lounging and music rooms! Everything looked so cool, clean and inviting I knew that we should be very happy and comfortable,—except for one thing: she kept going up and down all the time,—up and down,—and I did not like it.

While we were dressing for dinner the chief steward knocked on our door and asked us where we should like to sit. I answered at once, at any place except the captain's table, as it seemed to me that everybody I had ever met who had made an ocean voyage had always boasted of having sat beside that distinguished personage. Not that I might not adore the captain, but I could not endure the prospective bore. During our voyage we had a small table, a steward who proved attentive, and it was pleasant not to have to talk when one was filled with sublime thoughts of the wonderful sea.

I did not descend to the dining salon with any assurance of comfort; I had the greatest inclination to hold to something or to somebody and positively no confidence that I should arrive anywhere on this uneasy going boat. The dinner was very good, and afterwards as we, J. and I, sat in our secluded corner on the

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deck and looked at the beautiful moonlight reflected on the water, we were very happy, and I am not sure but that we might have been holding hands under the steamer rug and saying sweet nothings to one another, because, you see, this was our silver wedding journey and we were starting for a long holiday together; before us lay mysteries which promised many pleasures to our curious minds.

Sunday, August 21st: Aboard the S. S. Vasari.

We were awakened,—not by the church bells, but by a bugle. The hour we had selected for our salt bath was 7:30, and when we had finished we found iced orange juice, tea and toast served us in our cabin. After a walk on deck, we were ready for our breakfast. Now I might as well confess that I was horribly disappointed because I did not feel a bit as I had expected I should, and it was all because the boat was bobbing and I did not like the sensation. Very frankly, I wished that I had returned with the pilot. It was a very hot day, the hottest one of the voyage. We were somewhere near Bermuda; the sea was very heavy,—it might have been the crossing of the Gulf Stream; anyway, the stewardess consoled me somewhat by confiding that she, too, always felt badly the first few days out.

We also discovered that our cabin was on

the wrong side of the vessel. You may think there couldn't be any choice of sea air on ship-board, but make no mistake,—if you contemplate a voyage to South America, be quite sure that your cabin is always facing Africa. Don't ask me why; just do as I tell you! Be on Africa's side! It may be in deference to "The Great Sphinx," but no matter, always depend upon Africa for the breezes. The kind purser (an awfully good person to have for a friend on a sea voyage) changed our cabin for a nice, large, comfortable one on the right and proper east side of the vessel. Even then I really felt much better lying down, with an electric fan buzzing over my head, because—well, I will be honest, I didn't think that the boat was steady going. Not that I was the least bit sea sick,—oh, no, not at all; it was all the fault of the boat,—she bobbed too much!

August 22nd: Aboard the S. S. Vasari.

I did think that if the good captain of this nice *Vasari* only knew how much I wished he would stop, just for a moment, his wiggly boat, he would instantly have had compassion on me and would have done so. I know I should have looked differently at people and things. As it was, I did not think much of him,—either his boat, or its passengers,—or

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of J., or, in fact, of anything except the perfectly stationary, solid, dry earth, where I wished with all my heart I had remained. Everything looked double and sometimes triple, and whether double or triple, it all moved up and down, much to my discomfort.

August 23rd: Aboard the S. S. Vasari.

After a fine salt bath, delicious iced orange juice, which the steward now always served us, and a turn or two on deck, I descended to the dining salon,— to my great joy, without holding on to anything. I dashed up and down stairs unaided; nothing bobbed; nothing went up and down except the horizon, just as it should have done in the first place. The boat was as steady as the earth and we were going straight ahead; and, best of all, to my great satisfaction and relief I found I really had only one husband, there was only one captain, and I was standing firmly on my pedal extremities. There was a joy once more in being alive. It was a perfect summer day. Everything was so beautiful. One could not tell whether sky or sea was the more fascinating, both were so clear, calm and blue.

In the afternoon we received a visit from the captain, who invited us for tea and who showed us the chart room, which was very interesting even if I couldn't understand much about it.

He told us that we were seven hundred miles east of Key West, and sometimes they encountered hurricanes in this portion of the sea; that we were following the loneliest path of the South Atlantic Ocean, and perhaps we would not see a single sail until nearing Brazil, fourteen days from here.

The captain's cabin was so attractive; it contained a fine library, some very interesting pictures of celebrities who had been his passengers, some fine etchings and many photographs of places where he had been and of things he had seen. He brewed delicious tea which had been sent to him by some friends in China.

We enjoyed ourselves so much. Isn't it strange how happy one can be on a boat, far out at sea, if she behaves properly and does not bob?

August 24th: Aboard the S. S. Vasari.

We were feeling so well,—it was a perfect day. I could not leave the deck, even to eat my lunch, it was all so fascinating. The spray on either side of the boat had beautiful rainbows made by the sun shining on the white foam. Oh, it was too beautiful! I was enchanted. We sat on deck the night before until midnight; the air was delightful. The ladies now wore the thinnest muslin gowns and

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the men wore linen or pongee suits. It never seemed too cold or too warm. The temperature was perfect. The captain joined us about ten o'clock, and he told us tales of the sea. He ran away at fourteen years of age and had followed the sea ever since. Some of the hardships he endured as a common sailor, a mere boy, in the Indian Ocean, were worthy of a "Diamond Dick" series. He described the hurricanes and typhoons he had encountered. He thought the sailor of today a molly-coddle compared with those of his early days. Now they have as much food in one day as he would have received in a week. The captain was an Irishman,—most interesting; however, he thought a man made a great mistake in commanding a steamship carrying passengers who asked foolish questions which bored him, but promised to answer all my questions *once*, since it was my first experience at sea.

August 25th: Aboard the S. S. Vasari.

There was aboard the *Vasari* a Brazilian composer, Señor de Oliveira, who played the piano divinely. I thought, as I listened to his playing of selections from "Grieg," that I had never heard music so well suited to the sea. It was heavenly to look at those blue, blue waters and hear those sweet strains of melody. Never had I loved "Grieg" as I did at that moment.

This composer presented me with several of his compositions, and brought some duets to the music room, hoping I would play them with him. He was returning to Rio from a world's convention of the Esparentists which had been held in Washington; he told me that many of the Brazilians were learning to speak this language and it was his opinion that it would be the future universal tongue.

In the morning we went to see the Kentucky racing horses which were kept between decks; there were fifty-seven thoroughbreds owned by Major C., who was taking them to Buenos Aires. I was told that the Argentines were devoted to horse racing and would pay fabulous prices for good horses. The Major was a true type of Southern gentleman. It was he who found, after hours of hunting in Rio de Janiero, fresh green mint, and who made us a "mint julep" with real Bourbon whiskey the night we sailed from that port. He also told us not to make the mistake of drinking it,—we should sip it; but whether drinking or sipping, it was the most seductive drink I had ever tasted. And this same gentleman could generally be found with a small red book in his hand entitled "English-Spanish, Your Own Teacher." He informed us later that one day while in Buenos Aires, desiring a hair cut, he had tried to use the phrase in Spanish, but

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being unable to make himself understood, he pointed to the sentence in the book, and the amused barber asked, with an Irish brogue,

“Is it your hair you wish cut, sir?”

There was a little English sailor who almost paralyzed me by running like a squirrel along the railings of the deck. I couldn’t see why he didn’t fall into the sea, as there was absolutely nothing to prevent his doing so. About four o’clock one afternoon a whistle blew furiously, and in an instant every steward, mate and sailor rushed on deck and began to lower the life boats. I was so frightened that I almost jumped into one, and should have done so if the kind Argentine, Commander Y., had not assured me it was only the usual practice of a fire drill. I found it interesting after I understood what it really was, but I confess I had a few very unpleasant moments. It broke the ice, however, for a conversation with the Commander. He was one of the officers who was in command of the Argentine battleship which rescued the French explorers in search of the South Pole a few years ago, and we found him a very interesting companion. He told us many things about the society of his country. He said that the young people did not have the same opportunity of knowing each other as they do in our country. If a boy had a sister, he did not bring his friends into the

home; he amused or entertained them elsewhere. A girl, when of proper age, accompanied her parents to the opera or was seen driving on the Corso with her mother or companion; she never appears in public unchaperoned. If she were admired by a young gentleman, he asked permission to call, and such calls were usually considered equivalent to a proposal of marriage on his part. He was expected to see his fiancée only in the presence of her parents until after the marriage ceremony.

The Argentine women are devoted to their large families. Often when a child marries, they remain under the father's roof. And when a wealthy Argentine family travels,—and they generally go to Europe every year,—they take the entire household and a large retinue of servants. They engage, if necessary, an entire deck of the steamer. Wherever connecting rooms are required, a door is cut between at the expense of the Argentine. Cows are taken on shipboard to supply the family with fresh milk and cream; fattened fowl are also a necessity for the comfort of the family, who deny themselves nothing that money can purchase.

Commander Y. showed us the pictures of his beautiful young wife and child, who were at that time in Switzerland with his wife's parents. There was another young navy officer, Lieuten-

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ant E.,— quite the handsomest young Argentine I saw in South America ; but he could not speak English, so I conversed with him in German. A Doctor D., who had gone to Harvard four years before not knowing a word of English, was now returning with a diploma, speaking English fluently. Carlos S. P. completed the group of four. He was an artist who had been to Beaux Arts in Paris and had just finished a post graduate course in English at Harvard. These gentlemen became our very good friends and were devoted to us in Buenos Aires, introducing their families and entertaining us in their homes.

A rather famous astronomer and his bride were going to Cordova, a city in the mountains of the Argentine, to have charge of the large observatory situated there. They had been at the "Lick" in California. Mrs. R. of Toronto, Canada, was returning to Rio de Janeiro with her six months old child, "Jamie," a darling baby, who was loved by all the passengers. Jamie had not yet seen his father, who met the boat at Bahia.

There were thirty-eight men going to Brazil and the Argentine to demonstrate the International Harvesting machines. They were typical Western farmers, and I liked them. One of them, called "Pop Drayton," was very droll. He was first at the table and last to

leave, and often remarked, "It's nice to eat as long and as much as you want when it doesn't cost anything." He was always looking for whale, and it was he who called my attention to the first one of these very disappointing South Atlantic mammals.

Then there were two theatrical ladies, much painted and dyed, much wined and dined, bound for Rio, and some civil engineers just out of college, going to the Argentine to make their fortunes. They told me afterwards that they had obtained very good positions a few days after their arrival in Buenos Aires. A Baptist minister who was a missionary in the interior of Argentine, his wife, five kiddies and native nurse, returning from their first visit to U. S. A. since going out ten years before, and a middle aged couple who, gossip whispered, were *eloping* to the wilds of Brazil, also swelled the list. But why elope? They looked matter of fact and uninteresting enough to have just gone. Returning from a visit to New York was an elderly couple who had lived for years in Rio. They had two most comfortable wicker rocking chairs, and if I should ever make another voyage, I shall take along just such chairs, as we found the ordinary steamer one is an abomination.

There was only one sweet, girlie girl; she was from Texas, and was going to Sao Paula

to teach in the kindergarten school. I was told that she had several proposals of marriage before she arrived at Rio de Janeiro. Jealousy was rampant amongst the young har-vesters.

August 27th: Aboard the S. S. Vasari.

As I stood on the top deck looking in every direction, I had such a feeling of isolation. There was not a living thing visible,— just sky and sea. I felt as I did when I first saw the Rocky Mountains,— how vast, how strong, how immovable it was and how insignificant seemed the mere atom “man.”

We were always striving to reach that point ahead on the horizon, but each day we seemed as far from catching up with it as we had been the day before. I commenced to realize that perhaps my old geography was right,— that the earth’s surface was composed of one-fourth land and three-fourths water; but I never could have believed it before. I did not realize how much water there could be in the world.

There was a great deal of conversation about the Southern Cross, which we had expected to see long before.

Sunday, August 28th: Aboard the S. S. Vasari.

Mr. R., the purser, asked me if I would play the hymns for the service which was held in the

dining salon on Sunday morning. He read the Episcopal morning service and the stewards sang the hymns, but the attendance was poor. The Baptist minister, I knew, thought it sacrilegious, and held his own service.

The day had been most delightful,—neither hot nor cold,—and the temperature was absolutely perfect.

After dinner some of the officers of the ship were trying a new device for life saving. They threw on the water a life buoy, which was covered with a sort of phosphorescent substance, emitting a bright light. If a man were to fall overboard at night, he could easily see this buoy shining in the water, and, swimming for it, could soon be rescued. It created considerable excitement for a few moments. Many of the passengers thought some person had fallen overboard.

J. and I made a visit to the bottom of the ship, and when I saw those poor (but wicked looking) stokers down there, feeding the monster furnaces which made the steam for our engines, which never stopped day or night, I realized as never before what kept us going.

August 30th: Aboard the S. S. Vasari.

Awakening just before dawn, and feeling restless, I arose and looked from the “ports” into the night. I could scarcely distinguish

between the gray of the sky and the gray of the sea. The horizon seemed invisible. I was attracted by a beautiful star low in the eastern sky. It was so large and so brilliant that I wondered if it were really only a star; I wondered if it were possible that somewhere on that planet some other mortal might be looking, and, in turn, wondering about us. I thought of loved ones,—they seemed so far away at that moment,—and as my mind ran on I detected a faint glow of color directly underneath this star. She seemed to become clothed in raiments of the softest shades of lavender and pinkish silver, like a beautiful flower. And just then I saw directly underneath this beautiful morning star a little golden crescent peeping from the water's edge, and from it the burnished rays of light shot upward like arms extended in supplication which seemed to say, “Dear, radiant lady, I love and adore you. I am bringing all my treasure to lay at your feet. Be mine!” But as I looked the cruel lady had flown, and I could not see her any more; then out burst the sun in such a volume of wrath that the horizon became a flame of beautiful colors. Higher and higher it rose from the water until it hung like a golden ball of fire. The entire eastern sky was painted with such beauty I think it would have rivaled all the fireworks in China, if they could have



PREPARING FOR THE BATH
CROSSING THE EQUATOR

been exploded at the same moment. It was one of the most sublime sights I had ever witnessed.

We crossed the equator at seven thirty A. M. A whistle blew loudly and we knew that at that moment we had crossed the line. There was not a single jar or unusual motion. "The Ceremony of Neptune" was not observed, owing to the early hour of crossing, but I saw it when I returned three months later. Father Neptune (the purser) was dressed to represent the ancient God of the Waters; he, together with his clerks, made a tour of the decks and woe to the unfortunate mortal who had dared, for the first time, to venture so far from home. He was seized, covered with lather and plunged into the tank of water which was aft, to the great amusement of the other more fortunate voyagers who looked on and enjoyed his misery.

The day was wonderful,—one of the most pleasant of the entire voyage. We had expected that the tar would be oozing from the cracks and that one could only breath underneath electric fans; instead, there was a splendid breeze and a few white caps on the water.

The sports began the morning we crossed the equator. The astronomer, his wife, J. and I opened them with a game of deck shuffle board; but I must confess I was not very keen about it, as there was too much excitement and noise,

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and we were happy when the captain invited us to his cabin. It was always quiet there, and his "tea" was much better than the tea which was served every afternoon on deck.

August 31st: Aboard the S. S. Vasari.

The water for the bath was colder now than it had been before; the currents of water and air seemed changed after crossing the equator. We saw the first boat that we had seen since leaving New York. With the aid of a powerful glass we could see that it was a four-masted schooner, and it looked very pretty. Everyone was very much occupied with the sports; the noise and confusion on the decks was dreadful.

In the afternoon J. and I went to the prow of the ship. The motion of the boat startled the flying fish, which we saw by thousands. With the sunlight shining through their gauzy wings, they formed a rainbow colored cloud on either side. Some flew a great distance; it seemed as if they were little birds.

We did not dress for dinner because the sunset was so unusually beautiful. In the western sky there were clouds which resembled a dark mountain range; between the clouds and the sea, the sun hung like a huge red ball, and the sky was tinted in orange, pink, blue and lavender. As the sun touched the horizon it took

the shape of a top; then it looked flat like a peach, and when it disappeared it was night. The astronomer explained many of the peculiarities of sunsets in the tropics; it was very interesting.

September 1st: Aboard the S. S. Vasari.

We saw the first land today. By the use of glasses we saw the rocky coast of Brazil. But I did not want to see land; I did not care to catch up with the horizon; I loved the sea. As we neared the Coast of Brazil we did not see much of the captain, as he did not leave the bridge night or day on account of the difficult navigation; the waters were full of rocks and all kinds of dangerous places. But we did not worry, as we felt sure that we had one of the very best captains that ever commanded a ship.

The sports were positively too noisy for me, and I spent the afternoon in my favorite place, under a life boat, on a coil of rope. When there I felt that there was nothing between me, the sky and the sea.

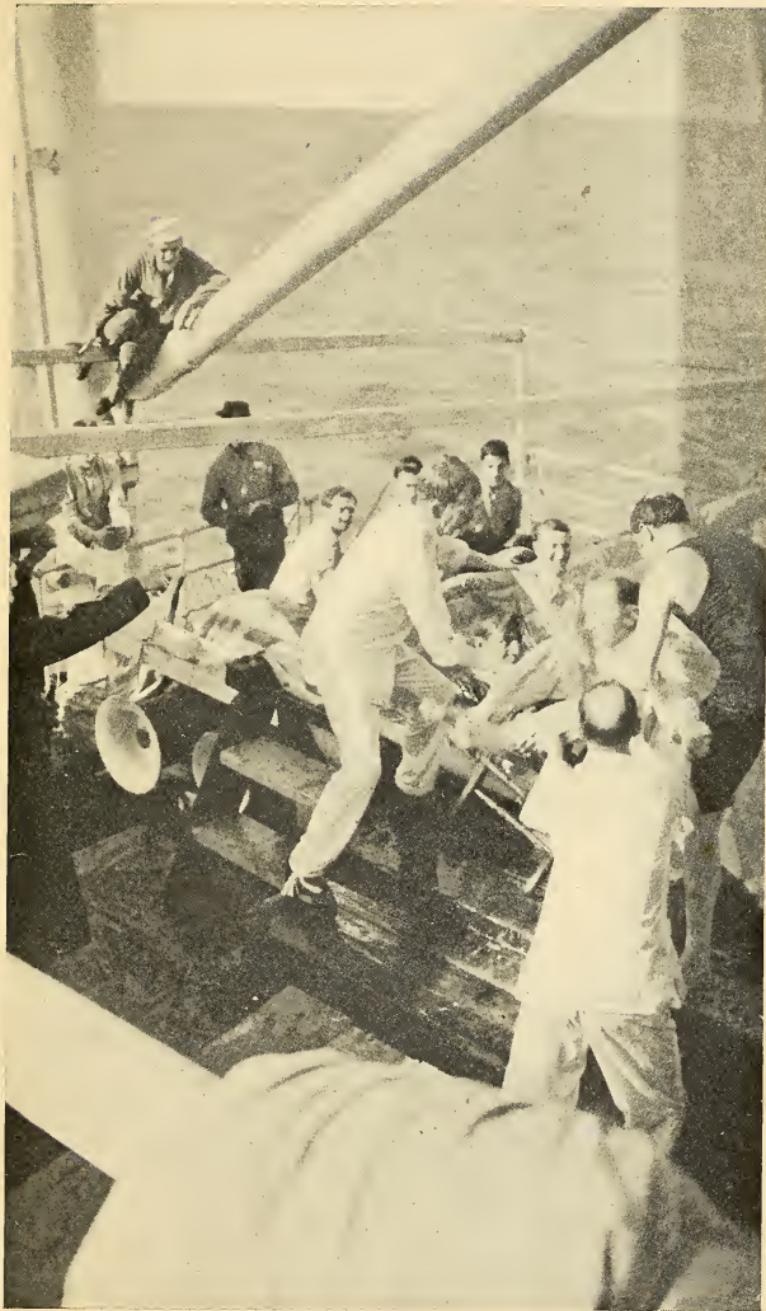
We saw many whales today. One fought with a sword fish; it was a royal battle; they thrashed the water high as the boat; the foam was red with blood. The whales were a great disappointment. They were not at all my idea of what a whale ought to be, and I refused to be thrilled by them. I was led to believe that

I should see a real whale, but they were only imitations. I couldn't see why they were called whales; they looked much more like large porpoise.

We felt quite cosmopolitan today,—we saw land, whales, fishes, a shark, some sea gulls and two sails.

September 2nd: Aboard the S. S. Vasari.

I went with the ship's doctor to see a boy who was a student at Yale last year. His health had been broken by hard study and he thought it would be very beneficial to make a voyage to Buenos Aires and return, shipping as a sailor before the mast. He had, of course, no idea of the life. He was naturally an object of scorn among the common sailors, and the officers thought he was some rich man's son who was doing penance. He had been quite ill, and the kind doctor thought if I would go and see him it would cheer him up. I found him studying Calculus and eating his midday meal of soup from a greasy tin basin. He refused to let us do anything for him, and felt sure that he would be much benefited by this unusual experience. We discovered that we had many mutual acquaintances among the students at Yale, and I invited him to dine with us in Buenos Aires. I told his story to the captain and the first officer, and after that they took



THE PLUNGE
CROSSING THE EQUATOR

more interest in him. When I saw him in Buenos Aires, he said that after that visit the sailors called me "the lady of the forecastle."

The sports were finished today. After dinner the prizes were awarded to the winners. I had the honor of presenting them. Everyone seemed happy. There was some fine music. Commander Y. presented J. with one of his prizes as a souvenir and gave me a gold button enameled in blue, black and white, the colors of the Argentine flag. I wore it in my coat during the ten weeks I lived in the Argentine.

September 3rd: Aboard the S. S. Vasari.

By the aid of glasses we could see the low flat buildings of the city of Pernambuco today. I was not anxious to land, as I had heard tales of the difficulty in getting ashore,— the water is very choppy; the voyager is lowered to the small boats by means of a large wicker hamper, and is usually well drenched by the waves.

I saw such a queer boat. The captain said,
"Come, I will show you the safest boat in the world."

I looked, but I didn't see any boat. I did, however, see two men apparently standing on the water, and it was not a "miracle." It was a "jangoda." Now a jangoda is made by fastening several bamboo poles together like a raft and there is a small sail attached. The

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water goes up and down through the poles, and if a shark doesn't eat you, or a wave dash you off, you are as safe as on dry land,— you can't sink or upset.

The natives, who usually fish with this queer looking craft, tie a cocoanut, well greased, to the stern of the boat; the shark tries to swallow this and in the meantime he is speared. It seemed to me that it might be very exciting, but I preferred to fish with a five ounce rod and a brown hackle fly, a mountain stream and a speckled beauty, rather than with a shark and this method. Everyone wondered why we had not seen the Southern Cross.

As on the morrow we were to call at Bahia, our first foreign city, many letters were written today. Mail was to be returned from that port. The captain said he envied J. and me the sensation of putting foot on foreign soil for the first time. We were really thrilled with expectation.

BAHIA, BRAZIL

September 4th:

I was so pleased and enchanted with this beautiful sunshiny spring day. I felt that there were not sufficient adjectives in my vocabulary with which to adequately describe my sensations upon seeing for the first time a foreign city; and it would be difficult to find a more curious or interesting one than that of the very ancient city of Bahia, situated on the eastern coast of northern Brazil.

The sun was shining brightly on the blue water of the bay; there was not a single cloud on the beautiful clear sky, which seemed to vie with the blue of the water. The bright colors of the houses against the vivid green of the tropical foliage formed a wonderful painted panorama of beauty. All large steamships anchor well out in the bay. It seemed so queer to feel that we were at last to go on shore and walk on real earth. It looked good to me, even if it was a foreign earth I was soon to tread upon.

After fourteen days the faithful engines stopped, the huge anchor was dropped, and our boat was at last still. Almost instantly

we were surrounded on every side by small boats rowed by queer looking native black men, each clamoring for a fare. We could not, however, go ashore until that very important gentleman, the quarantine officer, had satisfied himself that we carried a clean certificate of health. He was so very pompous looking in his splendid uniform, which was gay with gold buttons and braid.

At last we were permitted to descend that long, steep, and, I thought, very dangerous looking ladder, and, stepping into a small boat, we were rowed to a very dusty landing place. I really suffered untold torture all the way to shore. The sailors looked very fierce, and I fancied they could easily row us to some dark spot and murder us for our money,—but fortunately no such fate befell us, and, perhaps disappointed but still happy, we were permitted to land.

Immediately we were surrounded by a dozen men who wanted to sell us “lottery tickets,”—it being the year of the great lottery. Money exchanges were also as thick as sharks in Pernambuco. If you contemplate a visit to Brazil, I advise you to have plenty of their money about you. Almost a tragedy occurred because two of our fellow voyagers who had boarded a tram car for a ride into the suburbs (or jungle, as they call it) not being able to

speak Portuguese and not possessing the proper coins, were forcibly ejected from the car. If a very kindly English gentleman had not happened by on the next car, our friends might have been detained until the next boat arrived. The fare on a tramway in Bahia was 500 reis.

The first thing we did after having our money exchanged (the rate of exchange that day was about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent) was to find the telegraph office, which was situated in the post office,—a large, very well arranged building a short distance from where we landed. After sending a cablegram, some post cards and a Bahia paper to Col. H., a friend who edits one of our daily papers in P., we turned to look for a tobacco shop. The first thing we saw was a large building, boarded up, with signs in French, German, Spanish and English, "Yellow Fever here." We didn't linger long enough to read any other than the English sign. J. had a fine time shopping; he purchased all sorts, kinds and forms of Brazilian tobacco. Some of the cigarettes which he brought home cost triple the original price before they had cleared the French and United States customs.

Turning, I met something which held me spell-bound,—a native negress was the object. She might have weighed 250 pounds or more. Her

skin resembled a beautiful piece of bronze. Her teeth, as she smiled at my admiring glances, looked like pearls. In her ears were large hoop earrings of gold. On her bare arms and ankles she wore many queer bracelets. Her low cut, white bodice was draped with a Roman scarf. The skirt resembled a red bandana handkerchief and looked many yards in width. Gracefully balanced on her head was a large, round, flat basket in which she had placed her market, consisting of a live chicken, a brightly colored fish, carrots, endive, and a pot of blooming red geraniums. She appealed to my senses as the most picturesque object I had ever looked upon. We strolled about this lower city, entering some very old Spanish churches that were very odd to me, as they were the first ones I had ever seen which did not contain pews. The hard, cold and not very clean looking floor to kneel upon did not satisfy my idea of cleanliness and godliness, etc. There were the usual beggars at the door and very pitiful they looked,—but then, one could afford to toss them a few reis, as there were so many reis in a dime.

Bahia consists of two cities; the older or lower city, and the newer or upper one. We took a very modern "lift" and soon found ourselves at the top, in a very pretty plaza. A band was discoursing some music, and people

were walking about or sitting on benches. It was one of those warm, balmy days we sometimes enjoy towards the end of March or first of April. We saw some very well dressed and very good looking people. The little children were usually pretty. Many of the houses facing this plaza were handsome, modern structures. I saw a very droll looking milkman; he drove his cow and little calf to the door of his customer, and then and there proceeded to deliver the goods at first hand to the customer.

As we drove through the narrow streets we saw at the open latticed windows (on the sill of which there was invariably standing a pot of red geraniums) beautiful, dark-eyed *Señoritas*. In their glossy black hair they wore a red rose; many were holding in their arms little babies which were perfectly devoid of clothing. They looked like little bronze cherubs. The blossoming shrubs and trees in the gardens sent out their sweet perfume. Some of the houses had their entire fronts built of mosaics laid in patterns of flowers and figures. They appeared very odd to us. The shops we visited were well stocked with a variety of merchandise, but we observed that they were not well or attractively arranged. The clerks were courteous, but could not speak English.

I had heard of the curious dolls which were made by the sisters in one of the convents of

Bahia. I purchased one which pleased me very much. It was made entirely of brown cotton material; the eyes, nose and mouth were perfectly formed by small beads; the hands were encased in a queer shaped muff; the dress was blue and black check; a fine lace scarf was crossed about the bosom and an apron of similar material was worn; on the head was a queer head dress of the same color as the muff; its earrings were of solid silver, as was also the silver chain of very tiny links on its neck. I paid 10,000 reis for this work of art. I was so proud of my lady. Alas! she almost met a watery grave. On climbing the long ladder when returning to the ship I dropped her into the sea, but one of the gallant Argentine gentlemen rescued her with my parasol. Now we call Señor S-P "Our Hero."

While everyone was at dinner Commander Y. asked us to "Come on deck at once," and there he pointed out the long looked for Southern Cross hanging in the heavens,—so wonderful and so plainly visible,—which the night before could not be seen. It was so very kind of him to want J. and me to see it before the other passengers. I can never, never forget the thrill I felt on seeing that Cross; something which one from the Northern Hemisphere can never see unless he has crossed the equator. He told us that the Argentine sailors almost



DELIVERING MILK AND CHICKENS
BAHIA, BRAZIL

worshipped it. I was sure we were enthusiastic enough to please and repay him for his kindness. It was certainly exciting to see both the Cross and Bahia within twenty-four hours.

Everyone is interested in the father of our baby, "Jamie R.," who came from Rio to Bahia to meet for the first time his little son. The captain gave a small supper in his cabin in his honor, and when we said "Good night," the captain, sniffing the air, remarked "Fog tomorrow."

RIO DE JANEIRO

September 6th:

I have been told by the captain that the bay of Rio de Janeiro was by far the most beautiful in the whole world, and he should know, having visited all of them.

It was the greatest disappointment when we saw on awakening that the fog was hanging over everything; but by the time we were anchored in the bay, it had lifted sufficiently for us to see unfolded before us a magnificent panorama of color and scenery. The bay was thickly dotted with rocky islands rising abruptly hundreds of feet above us. One was so pointed it was called the "Needle." A soldier climbed to its summit each morning and evening and raised or lowered the Brazilian flag. It looked like an impossibility for any human being to perform this difficult feat.

A fine stone wall girded the bay, which was a perfect semi-circle. Back of it was a fine boulevard, facing which were the splendid villas of the wealthy Brazilians. These houses presented a variety of color (all the houses in Rio seemed to have been painted in bright colors),

and back of all this was seen the great mountain, Corcovado.

In the bay near us we saw some of the Brazilian battleships, many large vessels from every port of the world, a private yacht once owned by John Jacob Astor, flying the Stars and Stripes,— they looked good to us. Everyone was anxious to go ashore. The ship expected to remain in this port two days and we decided to sleep on land that night. First the quarantine doctors examined our ship, and then the customs officers went through the luggage of the passengers who disembarked at Rio. Everything was displayed on deck; even the theatrical make-up of the "gay ladies" was not spared. The luggage was then shouldered by strong Brazilian porters and carried down a long ladder to small row boats in which it was taken ashore.

When at last we were permitted to land, we did so in a private launch owned by one of our fellow voyagers. At the end of a short walk up a very narrow street which was lined with attractive looking shops we came to the Avenida Central, the finest street in Rio de Janeiro, which had been built only a few years. It cost several million dollars. Entire blocks of houses were destroyed and several streets removed in order to create this splendid thoroughfare. On it fine modern buildings were erected, and from

one of these we saw flying our good U. S. A. flag. It was our consulate.

The pavements of this *avenida* are the talk of every visitor who comes to Rio de Janeiro; each block is paved in a different pattern of beautiful mosaics. In front of the cafés men sat at small tables drinking coffee and vermuth. Beautiful carriages passed, drawn by diminutive teams of mules, wearing gold mounted harnesses. Each mule had a soft sounding, tinkling little bell on his head. Seated in these carriages were beautifully gowned ladies and well dressed gentlemen. Splendid automobiles dashed here and there, and the whole street presented a gay, cosmopolitan scene. We saw hundreds of public conveyances, mostly drawn by mules wearing those same little tinkling bells. The vehicles were two wheeled; the seat was wide enough for three persons, the driver sitting a little in front of "his fare." They were not uncomfortable,—we tried them,—but before starting, you had better drive a sharp bargain with the cochero as to the price, for the cocheros are not reliable. Even then an argument seems useless, as Brazilian Portuguese is not a universally spoken language.

We called on our consul, Mr. L.,—a very delightful gentleman,—who gave J. the information which he wished to obtain. I purchased some Brazilian music which I had heard the

“composer” play on board the *Vasari*. One was a tango, which I have found to be very popular with my family. The money exchange was very high here, higher than it was in Bahia two days before.

It being lunch time, we stopped at a very popular café situated on the Avenida Central, in front of which many street car lines made their terminal. If you visit Rio, do eat at least one meal at this place. It is called “The Franziskauser Café.” One of the most delicious things I ever ate was the “camerones” (very little shrimps), which was one of their specialties. They were served on a green bed of finely shredded lettuce leaves covered with mayonnaise. We enjoyed other delicious dishes, but the camerones were the best I had ever tasted, and the coffee was the only really good coffee I drank during my six months of travel.

At this place we took a tram car which took us directly to our hotel. There are two fine hotels in Rio de Janeiro; “The National,” which is situated a distance from the city near the foot of the famous Corcovado Mountain; and “The Dos Estrangeous,” in the heart of the city. We chose the latter. On our arrival there we were told that they had one clerk who spoke English “as she is spek.” We found his English very deficient, but efficient enough to enable us to engage a room. He conducted us

through a beautifully enclosed court or garden, with flowers, birds and a fountain, and showed us a room facing this enchanted place. But the room was the strangest one I had ever seen; there were no rugs on the bare floors, no mattress on the bed, nothing on the washstand. I had read of some one traveling, perhaps in Russia, who was obliged to furnish his own bedding, etc.,— and I wondered! But we couldn't argue “in English as she is spek,” so we engaged this room, agreeing to pay forty-six thousand reis for one day's lodging and board for two people, trusting that Providence would provide the missing necessities.

We engaged a carriage and started for a drive through that enchanted city of Rio de Janeiro and were delighted with everything that met our vision. The plaster houses seemed originally to have been painted green, blue, pink and yellow, and the roofs were red tile; but time and climate had softened these colors into beautiful pastel shades, and covered the red tile roofs with a green mossy mould, which formed a picture of rare color. The houses were one story, seldom more than two; the ceilings were high; and all the houses had tall latticed windows which were opened wide to the sunlight. (I was afterwards informed that the moment the sun shone into Rio everything possible was exposed to the air and sunshine, because of the

moist climate.) Almost every house possessed an enclosed garden and a royal palm. We saw an avenue of these beautiful trees, many over a hundred feet in height. Their silver gray trunks were smooth as marble columns, and at the very top there was a feather-like foliage wafted to and fro by the breeze. There were many of these splendid trees scattered through the city, and they, together with the soft colors of the houses, the high rocky islands dotting the blue waters of the bay, and the beautiful Corcovado in the background, all combined to form a picture of beauty so sublime and inspiring it would be impossible to convey by pen the delight one felt in seeing it.

We drove in the Botanical Garden, where we saw a great variety of palms, orchids, plants and trees in profusion, some very queer looking water fowl on the small lakes, and beautiful, bright colored birds singing in the trees. Lovely, dark-eyed children with their nurses were playing there, and many interesting people passed in their carriages. A ride to Silvester on the tramway was delightful; the road follows a very old and abandoned water viaduct. It was built of plaster, and time had made it green with mould; orchids and flowering vines almost covered it; squirrels and birds ran and flew about; the beautiful trees arched overhead; and nestled close to the sides of the mountain here

and there were picturesque villas almost buried in flowers. On looking down, one caught a glimpse of the city and the blue waters of the bay. The side of this mountain was covered with lavender, pink and yellow flowering trees. We saw poinsettia trees with blossoms over a foot across, and there were many tropical plants such as one sees in our conservatories. We found it impossible to attempt to go to the top of the Corcovado, as the clouds and mist lay all day between its summit and us.

Returning to our apartments in "The Dos Estrangeous," we found to our delight and satisfaction that a wonderful transformation had taken place. Spotless linen covered comfortable looking beds; the washstand had many earthen pitchers closely covered. (The pitchers are covered in order to keep out the lizards and bugs which visit one during the night.) These vessels contained clear, soft water. There was a plentiful supply of towels. Soft rugs now covered the bare floors, and flowers had been placed about the room in vases. The change was very pleasing.

The dinner was excellent,— quite as good as one would have at the best hotel in our country,— but when we saw that champagne was twelve thousand reis it seemed like such a large sum of money that we compromised with our conscience by trying to order a Scotch highball.

After apparently hours of talk and seemingly yards of gesticulation, if a very kindly but very much amused Englishman had not come to our rescue and explained to the bewildered waiter just what we wished, I am sure we should still be waiting for it.

We had hoped to see the city by night, but instead we were treated to a tropical storm. I had never heard such loud crashes of thunder, which followed one another in rapid succession; the flashes of lightning illuminated the sky and the rain fell in torrents, much like a cloudburst. I had always enjoyed a thunder storm, but for the first time in my life I was frightened. I have no desire to witness another storm like that. Being unable to venture out, we amused ourselves by writing letters and watching the people at a reception given at our hotel. They were very good looking and handsomely attired. Men, as well as women, embraced each other. They first kissed the forehead, then each cheek, the chin, and lastly the mouth. Their voices sounded soft and musical. They were not very large of stature, and their black eyes were wonderfully expressive and sweet. It seemed good to sleep ashore that night,— the first time in more than two weeks.

The next morning I was awakened by the sweet singing of the beautifully colored little birds which were flying in and out of our open

latticed windows. I heard the singing, smelled the sweet perfume of the flowers, and heard the trickle of the water in the fountain; and I thought perhaps I had died and this was Paradise. But all this lovely sensation was rudely broken by a knock at the door, and a sullen looking native servant entered with my coffee and rolls. When I had finished, I rang for her and gave her the very largest piece of that strange looking coin which J. had left on the table. I heard her throw it angrily on the floor of the hall, and surmising something did not please her, I called her back and handed her all I had. After selecting several pieces she smiled sweetly, and said "Gracias, Señora." I discovered that I had given her only a reis, one-fifth of a cent. She had taken twenty cents.

I found J. having an interview with Prof. Darby, the State Geologist of Brazil. He had lived in Brazil many years, and told us many interesting facts relating to the progress of the country. We were delighted when we discovered we had mutual friends at Cornell, his Alma Mater.

Some friends whom we met on the *Vasari* took us in their automobile for a long drive around the city. They showed us the beautiful Opera House, the "Monroe Palace," which was built at St. Louis for the Fair, a fine university, some splendid public buildings and a small "Coney

Island." This gentleman was connected with the company which supplied Rio de Janeiro with water, gas, electric light and the tramways, and it was interesting to hear how successful the company had been. It was a national holiday. We saw the soldiers and sailors marching through the streets.

The policemen were droll. They were very diminutive, and their uniforms rarely fitted. They seemed to have been made for larger men. The policemen wore white spats, gloves and helmets, and stood very fierce and erect. Our friends took us to the *Vasari* in their launch, and at six o'clock we sailed away from Rio just as the gun boats were firing a salute. Looking back we saw thousands of electric lights hung in festoons along the boulevard which skirts the bay. I never expect to see another city so enchantingly beautiful.

SANTOS, BRAZIL

September 7th: Santos, Brazil.

When we awoke and looked from our ports we saw that the ship had entered the river which leads up to Santos, that great coffee port of Brazil. Along the shores we saw the ruins of ancient forts; they were curious looking. We saw many narrow streams of water running far back between thickly wooded mountains. They made us shudder, because not so many years ago, I was told, dreadful pirates hid themselves here where they could easily rush out and attack the richly laden vessels, murder the crew, seize their gold and dash back again into their hiding places. What if there were still some pirates! As we neared the city we saw handsome villas along the river's side. Soon we were firmly tied to the splendid wharf more than a mile in length. There were other vessels from every part of the world also stationed along its side, each waiting for its cargo of coffee.

The captain told us that not very many years ago this was the most deadly port in the world; that as soon as his boat was anchored he sent his crew into the mountains to stay until he was

ready to sail again. But now this splendid wharf had been built at a great expense, the ground had been drained, the streets paved in stone blocks, and the city quite as healthy as one could expect in this part of the world.

Some of these vessels were crowded with Italian and Spanish people going to the Argentine. Many of the top decks of the boats resembled a grassy green meadow; they were piled high with bunches of green bananas. I saw a group of Turks who were wearing their native costume. The Turkish women were carrying all the luggage, consisting of great white bundles, and some had huge cages containing green parrots which were making a great deal of noise. The men walked leisurely along, smoking long pipes and kicking the women from time to time if they did not move fast enough to suit their Turkships.

Our first day in Santos was a holy-day and the streets seemed deserted. From our ship we saw men, women and children ascending and descending a mountain directly back of the city, on the summit of which, about five hundred feet above the city, stood a shrine. It was said to contain most miraculous relics which cured everything, lameness, blindness, deafness and dumbness. All the people made this journey once a year.

It was quite easy to go ashore. As our boat

stood close beside the great wharf, we had only to cross the gang plank and go through the great iron gate, and we were directly in the main portion of the city. As we strolled along the deserted streets we saw some very substantial, if not ornamental, buildings, mostly one story. The streets were well paved. The coffee exchange was the most pretentious building, and we were told there was much speculation on the rise and fall of the coffee market. There were some German, English and French, but no United States banks, a large public square with a fine postoffice building, and a handsome looking hospital. I was told that it was well equipped and managed.

At this square or plaza we boarded a tramcar which took us to the sea side. On the way, we passed beautiful villas with lovely gardens; an English Country Club, where we saw good looking, well dressed people playing tennis, cricket and golf; and a splendid German Club. Arriving at the sea shore, we saw people bathing on a smooth, sandy beach.

Returning by another line of tram cars, we passed through the wild jungle. There we saw monkeys hanging in the trees, and parrots and birds of beautiful plumage. There were some very curious looking huts on the sides of the steep hills along the way. As we neared the city, we passed a funeral cortége. There were

no women in the procession. The men carried a casket which, I was told, was hired and was used only to carry the body to the cemetery. The men, who were dressed in black with purple sashes, were walking two by two, chanting a funeral dirge. I don't think I should care to live or die in Santos.

From the ship we could see a fine wireless station. I was told that the Germans owned and controlled most of the wireless stations on the four thousand miles or more of Brazilian coast. There seemed to be more Germans in Santos than any other nationality of foreigners.

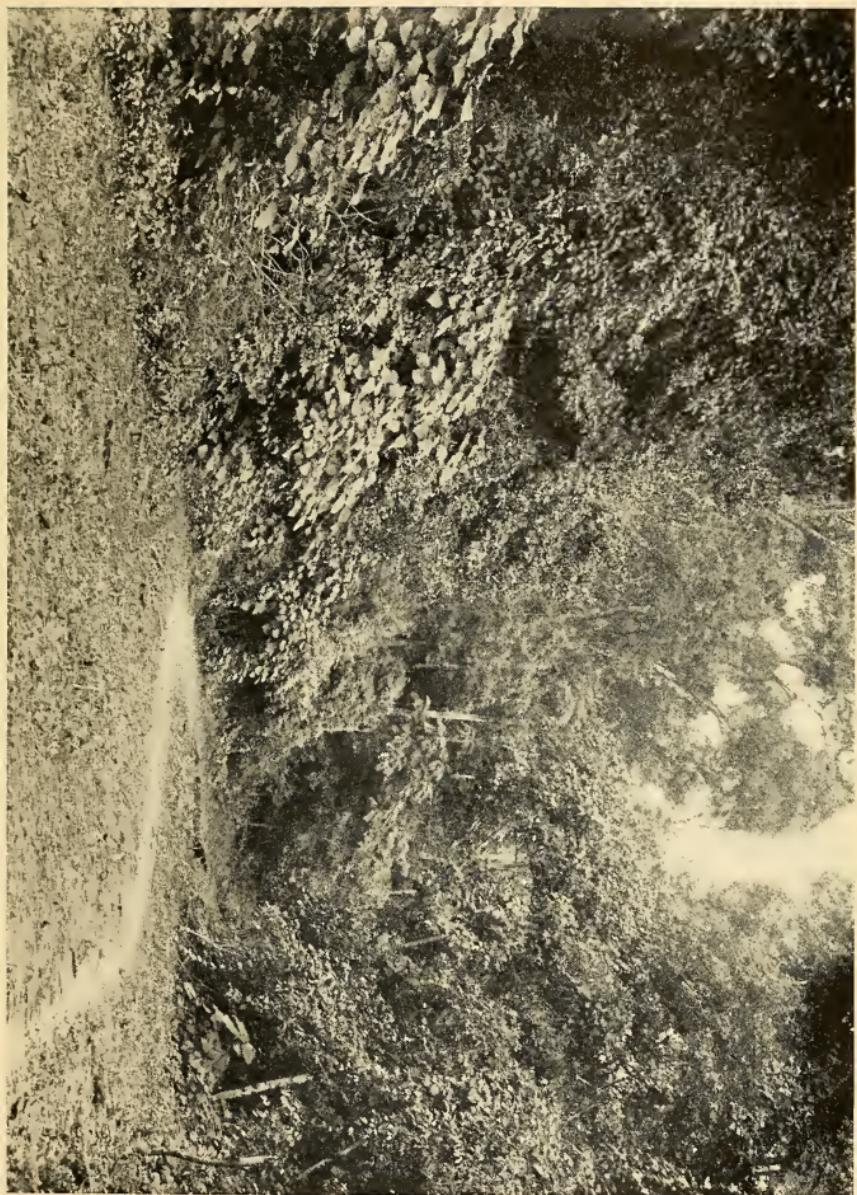
On our return voyage to Europe we met Herr G., a German baron, and his wife, who were perfectly charming. They had a home in Santos and one in Hamburg. He was said to control the coffee market of the world. He told us the company he represented shipped several million sacks of coffee yearly, each weighing 125 pounds. He also told us that he was now using many auto trucks instead of mule teams, and expected next year to use the motor entirely.

The Baroness G. was fascinating. She spoke English fluently, was quite young and perfectly beautiful. One day she invited J. and me to come to her cabin, and there she showed us cocoons which crystallized before our very eyes into the most gorgeous colored butterflies I had ever seen. She had collected and mounted sev-

eral thousand specimens of butterflies. She told me about her life in Santos; how much she loved it; and that she often spent hours collecting her specimens. She said that the little humming birds were very tame and flew in and out of the houses, and that each day she drove in her dog cart on the hard, sandy beach. Their children, however, were kept in Germany, the climate of Santos being unhealthy for children.

September 8th: Santos, Brazil.

I was awakened by hearing a jargon of voices outside our cabin. I looked from the ports, which, by the way, we were obliged to keep tightly locked during our call at Santos and at every other port because the wharf rats had a long pole at the end of which was a hook, and they had a way of helping themselves to anything which they could find hookable. From the ports I saw hundreds of strange human beings, wearing such queer costumes. On their heads they had queer, brightly colored caps which hung down over their necks and backs, and gay Roman sashes around their waists; they wore all sorts of slippers and shoes, and some even were barefooted. Each seemed to speak a different tongue. On their heads and backs they were carrying bags of coffee, and one after the other they passed all day like a stream



A SCENE ALONG THE ROAD

NORTHERN ARGENTINE

of ants, loading the holds of these great vessels which were to carry the coffee to every portion of the world, bringing cheer and comfort to our breakfast tables.

Captain C. told us that no voyage was complete unless one made a pilgrimage to the shrine. J. refused to be interested, but I arose at 6 a. m. and after some coffee and toast, we, the captain and I, started out for what proved to be one of the most difficult walks I had ever accomplished. The path up the mountain had been rendered slippery by the tread of so many feet the day before, and the heavy tropical dew had not improved it. We were obliged to take three steps forward and slide back two. All along the way bananas grew in profusion; there were ripe oranges and sugar cane, beautiful tropical plants such as one sees in our conservatories and sweet scented flowers. Pretty little birds and beautifully tinted butterflies flew around our faces, and gay colored lizards and little green snakes glided over our feet. The heat, even at this early hour, was intense. When at length we arrived at the summit we found a small wooden chapel. It had a mud floor and on the wall hung waxed replicas of the noses, ears, eyes, toes, fingers and what not which had been so miraculously healed by the magic relics; but I thought that any one who could climb that wicked, slippery mountain

path surely deserved to be rewarded. Father Schmidt, who lived there, told us that he too came from Pennsylvania.

After breakfast J. and I walked about the town, observed the bustle around the coffee exchange, entered several of the large banks, and made a few small purchases at a very attractive jewelry shop. We watched the long rows of mule teams, each with a tinkling bell, drawing huge loads of bags filled with coffee from the enormous warehouses to the loading places on the wharf. We spent some time in the Bamboo Park. It was called the Bamboo Park because it contained an avenue of these trees, which were united at the height of twelve or more feet and formed a tunnel through which one could walk. It was very pretty and unique. We watched a very droll little animal about the size of a gray squirrel. It had a very sharply pointed nose and a funny long tail, and it moved strangely. When it wished to go to the next tree it caught a branch by winding its long tail around it, much as one would grasp a stick with one's hand; then, after due deliberation, away he went like a measuring worm, tail first, into the next tree. We watched this one for a long time, thinking he might be only reversing, but he invariably followed this method of travel. We heard the whistle blow loudly, and we knew it was time to return to the *Vasari*.

But what consternation awaited us! J. was at once asked if he thought he could "stoke." The same question was demanded of every man aboard. Our stokers stood on the wharf and sullenly refused to come aboard. On the high seas, before we arrived at Bahia, the engineer had discovered that the sacks or bags of luggage that each stoker was permitted to bring aboard the *Vasari* at New York contained not only luggage or clothing for themselves, but playing cards and suspenders which they hoped to smuggle into B. A. The Brazilian Government was notified at Bahia; everything was seized by the authorities at Santos; the ship was fined; and naturally the stokers were furious and absolutely refused to stoke. For more than an hour it looked as if each man would be obliged to take his turn at stoking. But at last one stoker crossed, and by and by another, and then they all walked over the gang plank and we were off. A severe tropical storm visited us before we entered the open sea.

ABOARD THE S. S. *VASARI*

September 11th: Aboard the S. S. Vasari.

We were now nearing our journey's end. One more day and night and we should reach Montevideo. The day after we left Santos was dark, wet and gloomy; the sea was heavy and looked muddy. Most of our passengers did not appear on deck that day. Every one I saw was in a bad humor and I sat alone on deck, wrapped in steamer coat and rug, which for the first time since sailing I found necessary. As I sat dreaming, a request came from the captain that we should join him in his cabin for a cup of tea. To this J. and I gladly acceded, but even the captain was in a very bad temper because the kettle was too long boiling. Just as our spirits were being revived by the delicious beverage the ship's doctor entered and calmly announced,

“He is dead.”

With the addition of a few strong words the captain said,

“He died of heart failure?”

“Yes,” replied the meek little doctor.

Turning to me the captain said,

“ Since you know what has happened you may see this man buried if you wish.”

It was a great struggle between the horror and the curiosity of seeing a man buried at sea. Besides J. and I there was not a person aboard who knew about it except the captain and his men. At ten o'clock a steward conducted us aft. The steerage was tightly closed. The body of this poor Spanish immigrant had been washed and clothed and had been weighted and sewed up in a gunny sack; a string had been tied about its neck, waist and feet. Only a dim light, swayed by the gale which was blowing the spray over the deck, hung over the head of the purser, who reverently read the Episcopal service for the burial of those who die at sea. The body had been placed on a plank which rested on the rail of the deck and some boxes of the same height, and the British flag had been placed over it. The wind and waves beat a perfect funeral dirge to the voice of the purser. When he came to the sentence, “ We consign this body to the deep,” the captain said, “ Wait,” and word was passed to the engineer, who stopped the engines a moment; the plank was raised and all was over.

September 12th: Aboard the S. S. Vasari.

The day being dark and the sea very heavy, again many of our fellow voyagers did not ap-

pear on deck. On the morrow we would arrive at Montevideo, and the following day we hoped to arrive at Buenos Aires. Summer clothing had to be replaced with warmer garments and furs taken from boxes in the hold. I felt sad to think our delightful voyage was so soon to be terminated.

MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY

September 13th: Montevideo, Uruguay.

The land we saw this morning was Uruguay, and the city was Montevideo. Back of the city there was a mountain and on the top of this mountain stood a fine fort, which we could see from the ship. We landed at a splendid stone wharf erected at a cost of \$11,000,000, and judging by the distance we walked to reach the end and find a carriage, I thought it might have cost more. The city seemed deserted. On many of the cross streets as far as one could see, not a vehicle, man, woman, or child was visible. We drove to the seaside, where there was a splendid casino, several fine hotels and many handsome villas. The bathing beach looked good.

Returning to the city, we entered the cathedral, which was very fine,—one of the finest in South America. We saw the Grand Opera House, in which, I was told, many of the best opera singers had appeared,—Tetrazzini, Caruso, and many others having sung there before coming to the United States. There were plazas on which fine monuments had been erected, but the buildings were mostly one story and not especially attractive. There were a

great many shops which traded in the cut and uncut precious stones that were found in Uruguay.

I was told that the society in Montevideo was quite the most aristocratic of any city in South America. The old Spanish families could trace their lineage direct to the nobility of Spain. There was also a very exclusive set in the English colonies.

We saw a very queer thing in one of the streets,—in fact, it could be seen at some distance; it was a very large red brick house, with a mansard roof and a cupola on top; the windows were broken and it presented a look of decay. The house was built by an Irishman who lived in Montevideo some years ago, and for some reason had never been finished. It was called "O'Brien's Folly."

In the central plaza of the city, the "Grand Hotel" was situated. Here we partook of a delicious luncheon. This café was famous for its "ravioles" and they surely were one of the most toothsome dishes I had ever eaten. They seemed to be about an inch square, made of biscuit and stuffed with finely minced, highly seasoned beef, served in rich meat gravy. Don't fail to have some when you dine at the "Grand Hotel" in Montevideo.

We had as our guest the captain, and during the luncheon a very handsome young Span-

ish gentleman came to our table and inquired if there was a gentleman on board the *Vasari* who was an "oil and gas engineer." This very agreeable young man had come a night's voyage by boat to meet us. He knew that my husband could not speak Spanish. He represented the company for whom J. had come to South America. It was the first but not the last instance of the kindness and courtesy which these South American people, at much expense and trouble, show their friends from the United States. If our country would instruct the men it sends down there in the same sort of politeness, it would be found to their advantage.

On our return to the boat we saw some old women selling sweet scented violets which were beautiful. We took all the violets they had in their large flat baskets. They were very fragrant but of the single variety and of a very dark shade.

That night J. and I gave a supper for some friends we had met on the voyage and I presented the Señor with a medal which I had made for him. He had been called the "Hero" ever since that day in Bahia when he rescued from the sea the beautiful doll, which I had just purchased. Everyone drank to the health of the captain and to good fortune for the Argentine Navy.

BUENOS AIRES

September 14th: Buenos Aires.

All was bustle and confusion this morning. When we awoke we found that our boat was slowly making its way up the Plate River. It was not so muddy as I had expected it to be; it was very wide and looked like a great sea instead of a river. As we gazed on the land of the Argentine for the first time we were thrilled because we were about to enter a new country, with strange people and customs. We did not, to our knowledge, know but one person there, and that gentleman we had only met once, some years ago, at a dinner given in our own city.

I saw some frost on the roofs of the houses, and the day was gray and cold. Furs seemed very comfortable. All our lovely, idle, dreamy days passed under tropical suns on the blue sea were over. The great anchor was dropped and we were at the end of our long voyage. It was with regret that we thought of leaving the good ship *Vasari*. Stern realities of life faced us. From the boat we saw the tall building of the "Plaza Hotel," the place we had selected for our home during our visit to Buenos Aires.

There were many large ships lying in this "*Dartseña Norte.*" From their masts flew the flags of almost every country. Great iron cranes were loading and unloading their cargos. Long rows of great bonded ware houses lined the wharf. The customs officers kept us waiting, the racing horses of Major C. being the subject of much controversy.

We could see on the dock many friends of our fellow voyagers, eager to welcome them, and it made us sad to think we had no friends in this far away country who would welcome us.

At last we went ashore. We had no trouble with the customs, because our friend, Señor P., had arranged everything. His car awaited our arrival and we very soon found ourselves at the door of our hotel, and here again his good French assisted us with the room clerk, who was a Frenchman.

After looking at several suites I selected one on the sixth floor, consisting of a sitting, dressing, bath and bed room. They looked very attractive with English chintz, brightly colored covers, soft blue silk draperies and light gray carpets. The casement windows opened on to small iron balconies which I enjoyed very much during my visit, because from these windows I had a fine view of the city. I could see the Grand Opera House, the beautiful palaces which faced the San Martin Plaza, on which our hotel

was situated, the tall palms which lined the Corso in Palermo Park, and in the distance even the waters of the great, sea-like Plate River. The Plaza Hotel was one of the Ritz-Carleton chain of hotels which always assure one of comfort, whether in Africa, Europe, Asia or America.

In the afternoon, Señor P., our new friend, took us for a drive through the city and we drove on the famous Corso, which was lined on either side with tall palm trees. This was where the beauty and wealth of B. A. congregated and drove up and down, turning and passing and repassing the same people many times. The fashionable hours were from four to six in the afternoon. We invited Señor P. to dine with us at 8 o'clock. The dining room presented a very gay scene; it was a splendid room, bright with electric lights, flowers and music. Attractive looking ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the world, in evening dress, were dining at this hour. I was glad I had worn my most attractive dinner gown.

This new friend, Señor P., was one of the handsomest young men we met in South America, tall and graceful, with black eyes and hair and an olive complexion, and the most charming personality. He told us he was between 27 and 28 years old. I wish for a daughter to introduce to him. We discovered that his father

was of noble Spanish ancestry ; that he had been minister from Colombia, South America, to Washington, had been educated in the U. S. A. and in Bogota ; and had been connected with the embassies at London and Washington.

September 15th: Buenos Aires.

Waking very early, we had breakfast served in our sitting room. The sun was shining brightly, so we decided to take a walk down the Florida, that very popular avenue which seemed to begin at our hotel and run directly south to the Avenida de Mayo. The walks on this street were so narrow one was obliged to step into the street when passing. From four until seven p. m. this avenue was closed to all vehicles, and every person walked in the middle of the street.

We passed the Jockey Club, a very handsome building, well known all over the world for the wealth of its members. It controlled the horse racing in Buenos Aires. On this avenue I saw a sign which read "North American Bar." The owner of this bar, we were told, had made over two million *pesos* in a year by serving American mixed drinks and sandwiches.

There were a number of branch houses bearing the names of the most famous couturières of Paris, and their windows displayed most attractive models. I was told that the very finest and most expensive gowns were sold to and worn by

the ladies of Buenos Aires. In the jewelry shops we saw beautiful works of art attractively arranged.

In the afternoon the Argentine friends we had met on the *Vasari* called on us. They were accompanied by different members of their families whom they wished to present to us. I found them very charming and they all invited us for dinner or tea within the week. Commander Y., whose family was in Switzerland, brought an uncle and a brother navy officer who took us in their motor car for a ride around the city. We visited one of the exhibition buildings of the "Centennial Fair," which was being held this year in B. A. Some flying machines which we saw interested us all very much. There were many other objects of interest displayed in this same building. We drove up and down the Corso and stopped at the Jockey Club, where we had some refreshments. The interior of this club was magnificent. It contained many fine works of art and in every apartment the furnishings were very rich and in perfect taste. This club was the pride of every Argentine's heart. These gentlemen all spoke English fluently and were very interesting.

Commander Y. was very proud of his city, and he had reason to be. We left the car at the Jockey Club, and joined the gay throng of men

and women, walked down the Florida in the middle of the street, which was brilliantly lighted with many electric lights, to the Avenida de Mayo. This wide, splendid street was a brilliant sight, being a blaze of light on either side, there was also a row of lights down the center. Here we found our motor waiting and in a short time returned to our hotel, delighted with everything we had seen. The uncle of Commander Y. invited us for *déjeuner* the next day at 12 m.

September 16th: Buenos Aires

Commander Y. came for us about 11:30 a. m. First we called at the Army and Navy Club, situated on the Florida not a great distance from the Jockey Club. It contained very interesting trophies, among which was the beautiful piece of bronze which the French nation had presented to the brave Argentine Navy officers who rescued their expedition to the South Pole a few years ago, one of whom was our friend. There were some fine portraits of famous navy officers and many other objects of interest.

It was but a few minutes' ride from the Navy Club to the home of Señor C., whose guests we were to be for luncheon (we should call it, but they call it breakfast). I had been entertained in some beautiful homes in my own country, but

I had never seen any which could compare with this magnificent home. I have since been told that it is considered one of the most perfectly appointed in B. A.

The house was built of gray stone, with ornate finishings, and from the iron balconies hung pink flowering geraniums. On entering a beautiful bronze door, a short flight of marble steps brought us to the hall,—a room with marble columns and beautiful palms and statues, where hanging against dark red velvet walls, were the portraits of his Spanish ancestors. The library opened from this towards the front of the house. It had light woodwork which was inlaid with rosewood. The book cases which lined its walls were filled with fine volumes de lux, and I observed that they were mostly French literature. The walls were of rich brown brocade velvet, against which a few fine etchings hung. Rich rugs covered the floor. The drawing room walls were of soft green brocade satin. Placed in beautiful cabinets there were heirlooms of exquisite laces, fans and odd jewelry which had been worn in Spain many years ago by the ladies of his family. The cover of Maltese lace on the Steinway grand piano looked priceless to me. All the apartments on this floor were separated by French doors which could be folded back and the entire floor made into one grand apartment. Soft colored silks covered the French doors.

The dining room was equally handsome. It was a joy to dine from rare old Wedgewood china, and to eat with solid gold plate. There were several old Spanish dishes served which I was told had become almost obsolete; only a few of the Argentine families retained them. A sweet was served which was delicious. Our host told us that it consisted of only milk and sugar, but that the secret was in the cooking which took hours and hours of stirring over a certain heat. We had our coffee and liquor in the coziest room. This little room was bright with sunlight; its walls were hung with rich Indian shawls and the chairs were covered with the skins of the native animal, the "vicuña," a very precious fur.

When we had finished, Señor C. asked if we would care to "see his children." We had understood that he was a bachelor and so were rather surprised. We were conducted to an enclosed court or garden on one side of which was a splendid large golden cage about thirty feet high in which were flying about the prettiest little birds with gorgeous plumage, singing all sorts of sweet songs; marble statues and benches were grouped around a fountain surrounded with palms. It was ideal.

Our host was a student and had traveled in every country in the world. He spoke English well, but would have preferred to converse in French. Being in deep mourning, he regretted

that he could not invite us to the opera, to which he was devoted.

We were now obliged to say adieu to our kind friend, Commander Y., as he took command of his ship the next day. We felt that we were much indebted to this good friend and genial gentleman for the many kind attentions he had shown us, strangers in his beautiful city.

I returned to our hotel just in time to receive a call from two ladies, Mrs. James A. and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Willie A. The former was the leader of the English society in Buenos Aires. J. had an introduction to Mr. James A. from some friends in New York, and Mrs. A. came at once to pay me a visit. She was a remarkably beautiful lady, charmingly vivacious. She invited us for dinner the next evening at the "Lela," their home in Floris, which is situated in the extreme southern portion of the city.

P. and his friend Doctor B. came for tea. The latter gentleman we found delightful. He owned a box in the Colon Opera House and kindly offered us the use of it while in B. A.

September 17th: Buenos Aires.

Carlos S-P came for us and took us in his car to his home to meet his mother and sister, whom we found most charming. Conversation was rather difficult as we spoke no Spanish and they spoke no English, but they received us with

such genuine hospitality that we quite enjoyed everything. We had our tea after the true Argentine custom, all being seated at a large table in the dining room. I thought it delightful, but Carlos, who had been living so recently in Paris and Boston, did not approve of the old-fashioned way and seemed quite upset about it. We were especially attracted to Angelica, the sister, she being quite the prettiest Argentine lady we had seen.

We found when we returned to the hotel that we had just time to dress for Mrs. A's dinner. Promptly at 7:30 her car was announced. We found the footman waiting to tuck us in, as the evening was rather chilly and the ride a long one, forty minutes being required to make the journey from the "Plaza Hotel" to the "Lela," their home in Floris. It was a splendid old English house, built of gray stone and overrun with ivy. The beautiful quinta (or garden) was enclosed with a tall iron fence. It was too dark to see very much of the grounds.

On descending to the drawing room we found a company of about twenty ladies and gentlemen discussing the races which they had attended at Hurlingham that afternoon. Our host was a Scotchman, and was as genial and hospitable as our hostess was beautiful and charming. We were presented to several English people of title. Lady Susan T. was one of

the guests, and was quite the ideal English lady. The large round table was perfect in every appointment. Mrs. A. informed me afterwards that she brought all her servants from London, as it was difficult to manage a large place in B. A. unless one did bring them over.

The dinner was very gay. I sat at the right of our host, and on my left was seated a major in the English army, just from India. He was exactly as I had always pictured an English army officer to be.

J. was the lion of the evening, as every one wanted to know something about oil and gas. Little Mrs. Willie A. remarked that she also "knew something good in oil."

"Tell us," we all exclaimed.

"Sardines," tartly responded she,— very cleverly.

After dinner we gathered about an open wood fire which was fascinating. The wood they burned was called "quebrache." It made a beautiful fire, somewhat like our hickory or silver birch. There was a brass fender which stood around this fire, on the top of which was an upholstered seat. It was the first one of this sort I had ever seen and I thought it was a splendid idea.

The costumes of the ladies were beautiful. Mrs. A. wore an exquisite French gown of lace. English women always look adorable in dinner

gowns. I thought Lady Susan's jewels were unusually handsome.

Every one we met was nice to us. It was a pleasure, indeed, to think that so many thousands of miles from home we had found such kind friends. We enjoyed the drive home through the quiet streets, which were wonderfully well lighted. Our host and hostess, knowing we were unaccustomed to their city and streets, had thoughtfully brought and returned us in one of their own cars.

September 18th: Buenos Aires.

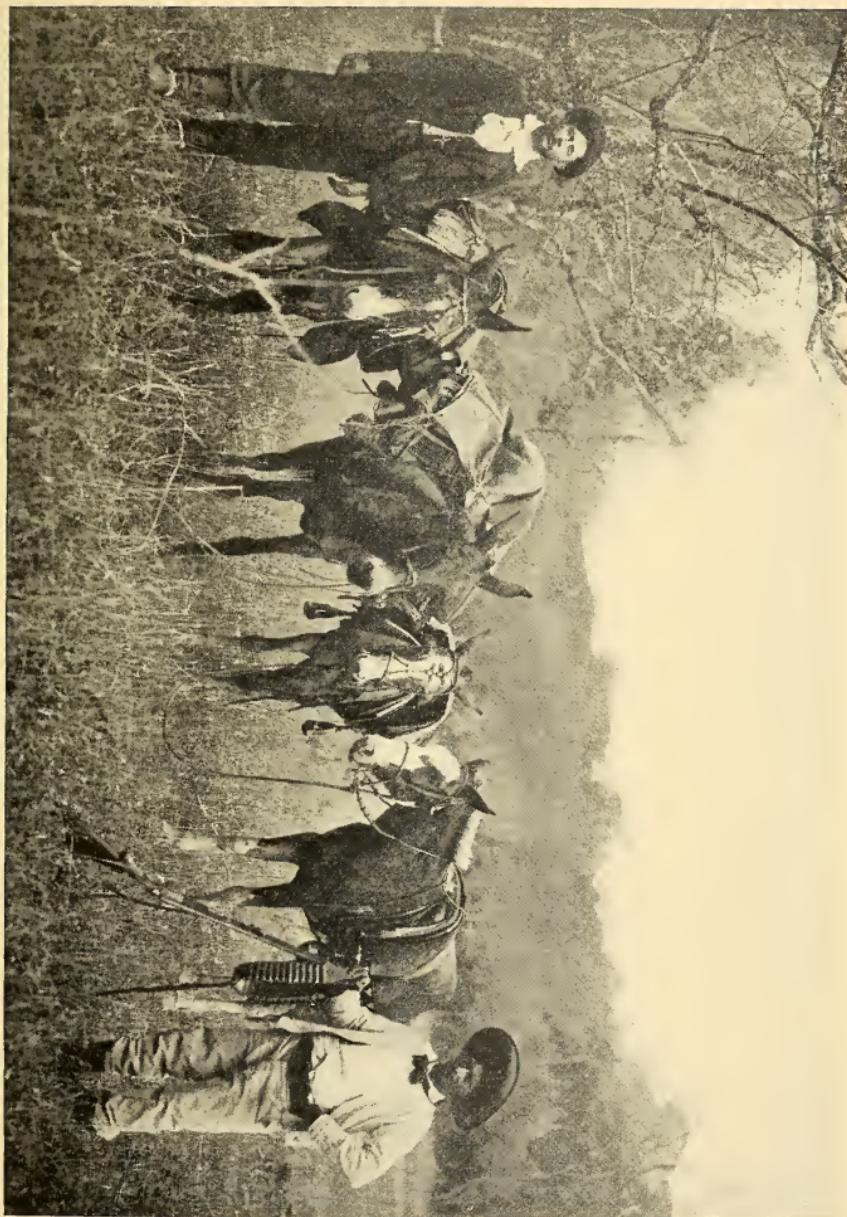
As it was Sunday, we slept very late. In the afternoon we secured a car, and taking P. with us, made a tour of the city and parks. We observed many small parks, or "plazas" as they were called, where usually a fine monument had been erected in the center, a fountain and beautiful flowers, and in some a band stand. The newer streets were quite wide and lined with fine trees whose tops were bobbed as they are in Paris. It is said that the city of B. A. employs a landscape artist to whom they pay \$40,000 gold per year just to arrange these boulevards and plazas.

Palermo Park was beautiful, the Corso very gay indeed. As we slowly rode up and down several times, I thought I had never seen so many beautiful hats. The Argentine ladies

wore them with so much grace. It was the year that ostrich plumes were so fashionable and, judging by the number I saw worn that day, they were very popular. The gentlemen I also admired very much. They usually wore English morning coats, light spats and silk hats, and I might also add that I had seldom seen so many good looking gentlemen in so short a space of time.

We saw a great number of public conveyances almost identically the same. There were, I was told, in Buenos Aires over five thousand of these carriages. They looked like our "Victoria," only the drivers did not sit quite so high as they do in those of ours in the United States. Sometimes the drivers of these horses were very cruel. The streets being paved with asphalt, they often became smooth as glass from the heavy traffic. I saw horses who had slipped and fallen, and the drivers beat them until I was perfectly frantic to help the poor beasts get up. Such an occurrence invariably attracted a crowd of curious people, who stood watching the poor beast's struggles, but who made no effort to assist him to rise. Horses of this type being very cheap in Argentine, one more or less does not matter.

On returning we all had tea with Doctor B. He presented J. and P. each with a splendid carabine (or revolver) to take with them when



A PACK TRAIN

they started the next day for their long journey into the jungles of northern Argentine. They were to travel by railroad north to the end of the government road, then go by mule-back over a hundred miles through the wildest part of the country. I should have liked to have gone along, but it was quite impossible for a woman to make the journey.

September 19th: Buenos Aires.

I felt very sad when J. and P. left but I knew that it would be a very interesting trip for them. They had a splendid camping outfit, and I had learned by experience to know how to amuse myself and was seldom lonely.

After I saw them off, as it was a very lovely day I called a carriage and thought I would drive; but I had not gone far when I discovered that I had made a mistake, for as I did not speak Spanish I could not tell the driver where I wished to go, or when I wished to turn. Fortunately, I could tell him in Spanish to return to the hotel, and I vowed then never to start anywhere alone in a carriage while in B. A. I was told afterwards that it was not the custom for ladies to drive by themselves; that they should always be accompanied by a maid or companion. I seldom saw ladies walking on the streets of B. A., or, in fact, many of the Argentine gentlemen. Every one rode excepting the lower

classes or the foreigners. However, I walked many miles each day and met with nothing but courtesy during the ten weeks I lived in B. A., and I never saw a drunken man on the streets.

In this hotel there was a very attractive mezzanine floor overlooking the office, where all who cared to could enjoy their coffee after dinner and listen to the music of the orchestra. This evening, while listening to the music and looking at the different people grouped about from almost every country of the world, my attention was attracted by a very beautiful looking English lady and her husband who sat on the opposite side of the balcony. I was agreeably surprised when a little later this lady joined me and introduced herself as Mrs. R. of London, a friend of Mrs. James A. She was indeed delightful, and the evening passed pleasantly. She invited me to go with her to the Argentine Country Club the following afternoon.

September 20th: Buenos Aires.

The air today was very bracing and the sunshine positively alluring. I couldn't endure to remain indoors a moment. I took a long walk and discovered a fine public market. I thought it would be interesting to see how it compared with those of my own city. It was a large one story building, very well arranged. The meat, however, did not look inviting. Owing to the

climate, it must be consumed the same day that it is killed. The potatoes were really funny, only about as large as a hickory nut. I was told that they never grow any larger in this country. The asparagus was much the finest I had ever eaten. The vegetables were not washed and were not so invitingly displayed as they are in our markets. The strawberries and cherries were sold by the pound and lay in great heaps. There were bright flowers everywhere. Eggs were 5¢ each. I bought some fine oranges from an old Spanish woman. She was like an artist's model; she was so old, so bent and wrinkly, and had such a sad face, but her eyes were very bright. She and I became good friends before I left B. A. I also bought some sweet scented violets. I saw a very peculiar looking fruit. It looked like a pear, but the skin had little hard lumps all over it. I found the price very high, two pesos each, but never having seen anything like it before, I purchased one and carried it home and I found that it was filled with a soft, milky substance, sweet and delicately flavored,—the most delicious fruit I had ever tasted. It was grown in northern Argentine and was very difficult to cultivate. Owing to its delicate substance, it cannot be shipped any distance or stored. I was told that it was a product peculiar to the Argentine and was known as the "fruit of the Gods."

After lunch Mrs. R. called for me to go to the Country Club. We drove to the Central Argentine Railroad Station, and from there took a steam car a short distance out of the city. The club house was of English architecture. There were some splendid trees near the building, which stood on a terrace. The links looked very good, and a great number of people were playing. We walked over the course and enjoyed the wild flowers and the pretty colored songbirds. Some friends of Mrs. R. joined us for tea, among them the English major whom I met at Mrs. A.'s dinner. Although this was essentially an English club, there were many prominent Argentines among its members.

On my return this afternoon my room looked like fairyland. Miss G. of Martenez (a suburb of B. A.), to whom I had a letter of introduction, had sent me dozens of the most wonderful iris I had ever seen. I had not dreamt that there were so many varieties. The fragrance was intoxicating. The housekeeper had arranged them about the room in tall vases, and they were so beautiful I had my dinner served in my rooms. There were some exquisite yellow ones. It was such a friendly welcome to a stranger in a strange land. I hoped that she knew I loved every flower.

September 21st: Buenos Aires.

The morning was not pleasant; it rained; but after writing a few letters I donned a raincoat and started out for a new adventure. On the Florida I had seen one day an English book shop. I went in today and found a book exchange. I bought a book. After reading it, it could be exchanged for another by paying a fee of ten cents, and the original book was mine to take away if I wished.

After lunch I visited the Art Gallery, which was a part of the Centennial Exposition. The buildings were very handsome and were situated on the San Martin Plaza, very near the hotel. The entrance fee was two pesos, or about one dollar of our money. I thought I had never seen a more pleasant arrangement for an art gallery. Each country had its own apartment. The walls, the soft velvet rugs, and the comfortable upholstered divans in the center of the rooms were of the same color,— light gray, blue, brown or crimson. In one large gallery near the center of the building was a splendid orchestra discoursing good music.

I did not think the English, French or German displays so good as they should have been. The Italian things were most interesting.

The art of Chile was a revelation; not only was the painting clever, but there were pleasing subjects which I found most interesting.

The Spanish exhibit was, to my mind, the very best. The "Zorelles" collection occupied several rooms and the paintings fascinated me strangely. I returned many times to study and enjoy them. There was such dash, so much life and action in them. His men and women seemed alive, his beggars grawsome. One of them, the dwarf, was positively uncanny; his little, wicked eyes seemed to follow me even into the next room, where I found this same model in another picture. These paintings reminded me of the old Spanish masters. There were many other Spanish pictures which I admired.

Soon after my return from the gallery I received a visit from Miss G., who had sent me the iris. She proved a most attractive young lady, and we passed a pleasant hour over our tea. She invited me to come to her home Sunday afternoon, it being their custom to receive visitors from the U. S. A. on each Sunday. After she had gone I spent an hour resting and enjoying one of the gorgeous sunsets which were so beautiful from my window. The atmosphere was so clear that the color effect was wonderful.

After dinner, the R.'s, my English friends, joined me in the balcony for coffee. Mrs. R., like most English ladies, enjoyed a cigarette with it. She offered me one of her favorite pri-

vate brand, which I was obliged to decline. I told her I was very sorry, but they did not agree with me, which made her smile.

The evening passed very pleasantly. They had lived in many interesting places. Mrs. R.'s father had been at one time a governor in India. She related some interesting incidents of her life in that country. Mr. R. had built railroads in China. He said the most difficult thing to obtain was the right-of-way for the railroad in China, because of the number of ancestors who had been buried and whose graves must always be kept sacred. Life in Africa had been full of adventure, and Peru they considered the most picturesque of all South America.

J. had been gone three days now, but I found time flew; everyone I met was so kind and everything I saw was so full of interest.

September 22nd: Buenos Aires.

I went for a walk over many new streets to-day. Those of the older portion of the city were very narrow; there were hundreds of small shops on either side,—lace shops, shops where one could have bought beautiful aigrettes for almost a song, pawn shops which I was dying to enter and nose around among the old-fashioned jewelry and other curios.

I went to the market again. My nice, old,

wrinkly woman was there; she kissed my hand. I knew she robbed me of my pesos and smiled as she returned me a few coppers in change for an orange, but I was glad she did, because she looked so miserable and besides, her oranges were good.

I received a call from Dr. L., the Harvard student. He had tea with me. I invited him for luncheon Sunday, and planned to take him with me to Martinez, because, never having been there and not knowing how to speak any Spanish, I thought I might not find the way.

September 23rd: Buenos Aires.

I felt fine and the air was so exhilarating I could walk great distances without feeling fatigued. I explored the streets east of the Florida. The day before I had walked on the west side. I saw many of the large banking houses,—German, English, French and Italian, but not one of the United States. The Bolsa, or Stock Exchange, was a fine building, and I found many of the steamship offices in that neighborhood. I tried to enter the cathedral, but was unable to discover an entrance which was open. The building was rather modern looking and I did not like its appearance from the outside as well as I liked those of the very old, Spanish-looking ones. The building of the *La Prensa*, the largest daily newspaper in

B. A., was most pretentious. J. and I afterwards visited this building; it was quite interesting. There was a gorgeously furnished suite of apartments which was always at the disposal of any great celebrity who visited B. A. I understood, however, that only two Yankees had used them, a well-known politician, and Captain Cook when they visited this country a short time ago.

Tea at the Plaza Hotel was always entertaining. One saw, almost any afternoon, scores of fashionably attired men and women. The women of B. A. had exquisite taste; their gowns were mostly rich black or dark blue colors and the hats were marvelous. Paris sends her latest and best models here, at least six months ahead of New York. The men who came here for tea were the wealthy young Argentines who spend most of the year abroad.

Dinner at the Plaza was also a very pleasant occasion. One dined usually at eight and the ladies wore attractive dinner gowns. Some of the ladies were beautiful and there were usually many distinguished foreigners. I had a very desirable little table beside a latticed window, which I found very enjoyable to have opened in summer. The service was good and the food delicious. Seated at a table near was a noted English author and a much bronzed explorer of no mean reputation. Their conversation was

often brilliant. A celebrated artist of London and his wife were also living at this hotel. There was one German baroness who was really the first smartly gowned German woman I had ever seen; but the very best looking lady, by all odds, was my friend, Mrs. R. She was tall, blond, with blue eyes and a splendid complexion, and she carried herself like a queen.

September 24th: Buenos Aires.

I was sorry that I overslept this A. M. My bump of curiosity was so large I couldn't endure to miss a moment that could be enjoyed about this alluring city, breathing this wonderful sea air and sunshine.

I opened the windows and stood looking from the balcony onto the San Martin Plaza. It seemed alive with activity; every tree and shrub was just bursting into lovely soft green foliage. The birds were busy as beavers building nests and courting their mates. This plaza is one of the largest in B. A. Around it stand, on every side, the handsomest homes of the wealthy Argentines. The magnificent new Palace of the owner of *La Prensa* is erected on the southern side. It is the largest private residence in B. A., built of beautiful, soft gray sandstone and marble and of an unusual style of architecture. On the west side the Jockey Club expects to erect a new club house which will cost

millions. Many of the embassies are situated on the southern side. There is a magnificent monument in the center erected to the memory of General San Martin, and a beautiful fountain on either side of it. I never tired of this view from my room.

September 24th: Buenos Aires.

After luncheon I took a tram car in front of the hotel which took me within a square of Palermo Park. The car service in B. A. I found very good indeed. I had a little card with a list of the cars, which were numbered in large figures, and not speaking Spanish, I had only to consult my card, and select the number opposite the desired destination. One of the regulations, which was strictly adhered to, was that the car must furnish a seat to each passenger except five persons who were allowed to stand on the rear platform.

It was a wonderful spring day and the flowers and birds were everywhere. The Corso looked quite deserted except for a few ladies who had left their automobiles or carriages and were sauntering slowly up and down in the bright sunshine. I had an opportunity to observe the beautiful palms which line this Corso; they were fine, but did not compare with those seen in Rio de Janeiro. Many children were playing on the grass beside a lovely lake. Some

were feeding the swans. Infants, carried by their French nurses, were beautifully dressed; their long coats of real lace were exquisite. They all looked so chubby, healthy and happy.

I wandered about, admiring everything,—the splendid monuments, the great variety of trees. One of them amused me very much, it was so curious. It was called the “Drunkard’s Tree.” Why? I did not discover. It started all right, but soon after it left the ground it separated in a half dozen or more perfectly formed trunks, which again were united at the height of ten or twelve feet, where they looked as if they were tied together with a rope; then after a short distance they branched into a perfectly sober looking tree.

I walked back to the hotel and all along the way there were handsome homes. I understood a large prize was offered by the city for the best style of architecture. Many of these homes contained enclosed gardens which I longed to see; I was sure they were beautiful. On my way home I passed Recoletta Park. Here again I saw numbers of beautiful children and their French maids. The “Palace de Glace” was in this park. Ice skating was very popular that year in B. A. I returned to the hotel very tired, but very much pleased with this beautiful city.

Carlos S-P and his sister came for tea. We

listened to the music and they pointed out many of the fashionable society people who were there that afternoon. Angelica looked lovely; she wore an exquisite gown, and her hat was a dream. The young student who had shipped before the mast coming down on the *Vasari* called later, and I invited him to dine with me next Tuesday.

September 25th: Buenos Aires.

Oh, how homesick I felt that morning! How I wished to be in good old Pennsylvania! I wanted to see all my loved ones; I wanted to see the hills, and the vivid colors of autumn. I wondered what J. was doing. Was he ill? Had the wild animals devoured him? I felt so forlorn I thought perhaps church would be a good place for me. I was directed to an Episcopal church, but I could not find it and returned to a small church I had seen near by. It was a Methodist Episcopal church. I had not been in one for years. This one reminded me of those I attended when a child. Everyone joined in the singing, and there was a good, plain gospel sermon, with an occasional amen. I returned much improved in spirits.

The day was delightful. Dr. D., the Harvard student, came for luncheon, and I was very thankful that I had invited him to go with me to tea at the G.'s in Martenez. I never

should have been able to find my way, or to demand the right ticket for myself. We took a train at 3:30 from the station of the Argentine Central Railroad, which follows the River Plate west. The water was yellow and not very attractive looking, but on the other side of the track there were many fine country places with beautiful *quintas* and splendid orchards of peach trees in blossom.

It was only a half hour's ride to Martenez. Mr. G., our host, met us at the station. His greeting was very cordial, as was that of his beautiful and charming wife. It did my homesick soul good to meet some real Yankees. There were several other guests from the United States. The G.'s had lived in B. A. twenty-five years; they came from Boston. Mr. G. was a wool merchant. There was one son who was in Harvard at that time; Ellen, who had graduated from Bryn Mawr College the year previous; and a very charming young girl of fourteen. The house was quite an ancient one; the ceilings were at least fifteen or twenty feet in height. All the windows on the first floor had heavy iron bars, and in a large hall which ran the length of the house was an old water well. These old Argentine country places were generally built in this manner, as I observed many others like it. The rooms were most attractively furnished, containing many

works of art, a splendid library, and many curios collected from all parts of South America. Every one went for a walk in the quinta or garden. It was so beautiful,— very large and well arranged. The iris, the lilacs, the peonies, lilies-of-the-valley and orange blossoms were superb. There were many cherry trees in blossom, which looked like heaps of snow. (We ate ripe cherries from these trees before sailing from B. A., the last of November.) It was impossible to fully appreciate it all in so short a time.

The tea was served Argentine fashion ; we all sat down at a large table, laden with delicious muffins, tea and cakes. Every one was so agreeable, and all seemed so pleased with young Dr. D., my Argentine friend. A very good story was told during tea. The G.'s have a summer place on the sea side of Uruguay. Last summer, during the Revolution, every available horse was seized by the army. The children of the G.'s heard that the army was on the way to take their favorite riding horse, so they covered him with the United States flag, thus protecting him. Mrs. G. gave me a beautiful bouquet of flowers when I left, and told me I must always feel I had a home in Argentine while they lived there. I enjoyed the afternoon very much. I was glad to rest and have my dinner alone in my apartment.

September 26th: Buenos Aires.

The morning was wet. It was rather nice to have the morning to mend my clothes and think about my family. Usually I was so busy sight seeing I did not find time for anything else. About noon it seemed to clear, and I wandered out for a little walk. Each time I went further from the hotel than the time before. I was always finding such queer shops and funny little narrow streets; sometimes I was almost lost, but the Florida was always to be found by walking east or west, and after that I was soon at my hotel.

About two o'clock Carlos S-P and his sister came to take me to the Exposition. We visited the Agricultural Hall. The exhibits of fruits and grains were fine. The woods of northern Argentine were interesting. Some specimens were as hard as marble and so beautifully marked and colored.

The domestic animals I liked very much. There were some splendid sheep and hogs; the chickens and ducks were very fine, and there were some ostriches. There was a large ostrich farm not far from B. A. which was very interesting to visit. People often rode on their backs; it was a droll sight. The cattle were the finest specimens I had ever seen. I was informed that the most fabulous prices were paid

abroad for the best breeds, which were brought to B. A.

Some friends of the S. P.'s went with us, and we had tea at the "French Café" in Palermo Park. After dinner the R.'s joined me and we spent a delightful evening. They told me they were in New York last year in July, and they considered it much warmer in U. S. A. than in Argentine in summer time.

September 27th: Buenos Aires.

The day was perfectly lovely. I took a long walk in the A. M., and after lunch Carlos S. P. and I went to visit the Zoölogical Gardens. They were very extensive and well arranged. Running through the grounds was a miniature railroad, which was a great convenience as the distances seemed great. We found the lions and tigers dwelling in fine buildings of the real Indian style of architecture. The camels had real Egyptian looking houses. There were elephants, bears and seals, and other animals. The llamas from Peru were very interesting. Great boa constrictors were in glass houses. A very tall iron cage contained miniature mountains for the condor. They were much larger than our eagles and very strong; they could fly over the Andes Mountains, and had been seen to disappear into the clouds.

The native Indian has a novel way of catch-

ing the condors. He covers himself with a sheep, or goat skin; then lies very quietly on the ground until a condor pounces upon him and clutching him in its strong talons, flies toward its nest. The Indian has a sharp knife in his hand with which he puts out the condor's eyes, thus blinding the bird. This causes it to slowly descend to the earth, and after that it is easily captured. This was a tale, Carlos said, told him as a child.

The things which amused me most were the penguins from Terra del Fuego. They made me smile every time I thought about them. They looked so like little soldiers, standing in straight rows, their wings held against their sides as if they were holding arms. They were covered with soft little feathers, for all the world like fur coats, and they looked so droll, as if they might be humans; they fascinated me strangely. I returned several times just to watch them, for I felt sure they would suddenly speak, they looked so wise.

Returning with Carlos S. P., we had tea with his sister, Angelica. We found her sitting by a casement window, the sunlight shining through the half-opened shutter; she was weaving tapestry on an old-fashioned loom. She looked like some beautiful picture. After tea we had some music, Carlos and she playing on two old guitars,— instruments which their

great grandmothers had used. The guitars were very odd looking indeed, but their tones were exquisite. Carlos and his sister sang some very old Spanish songs which were quite unusual. I played the accompaniments for some French songs, and Carlos showed us some of his paintings. I was delighted, for they showed great originality and much talent. He had also just finished translating the "Rubaiyat" into Spanish.

That evening Mr. B., the Yale man, dined with me. He seemed to enjoy the contrast between a Ritz-Carleton Hotel and the fore-castle of the *Vasari*. He was a nice young chap, and will have had a wonderful experience when he finishes this voyage. He said he was much improved in health and was enjoying his experience as a common sailor.

September 26th: Buenos Aires.

It blew a perfect gale. After lunch I went with some friends to visit the *Dartseña Norte*. These friends were returning to Italy by the large and splendid Italian boat *Varmalde*. It sails for Genoa from B. A., making the voyage in seventeen days. The furnishings were superb. There were private sun parlors connected with the cabins de lux. The dining salon was quite gorgeous, it being arranged for a banquet that evening which "Señor Maca-

roni," the wireless inventor, was giving for his friends in B. A. He had come over on this ship, and I understood would return on her in a few days. I did not think it nearly so desirable as the *Vasari*, which was built for the tropics and had cotton hangings and hard wood floors, and wide, roomy open decks. As we returned, I could not resist taking my friends aboard the *Vasari*, just to show them a perfectly proper South Atlantic steam ship. They were obliged to confess that my judgment was correct.

Mrs. R. and I dined together that evening, Mr. R. also having gone on quite a journey.

I was very happy that day. We received our first mail from U. S. A., and it was wonderful to read the letters from our loved ones, even if they were a month old.

September 28th: Buenos Aires.

In the morning I spent hours trying to learn some Spanish phrases. I wanted to go to Martenez and I was obliged to ask for *la billete en Espanol*.

It was beautiful that afternoon in the country. Mrs. G. and I walked through several peach orchards which looked like pictures of Japan in the cherry blossom time. She told me the earth was so rich that one had only to scratch it a little and scatter some seed, and it

would blossom. The roses would soon be at their best.

September 29th: Buenos Aires.

I was being cheated out of our wonderful autumn,—the season I adored in our country. I wanted so much to see those glorious colored leaves which cover our beautiful Pennsylvania mountains. This country was very flat and I had not yet seen any forests. I invited both of the Mrs. A.'s and Mrs. R. for lunch today. The head waiter, who was English, arranged a good menu. After luncheon we had a game of bridge and I told their fortunes, which quite pleased them. All the people I had ever known liked to have their palms read, and I was said to have a talent for that art.

Mr. and Mrs. R. and myself were invited to a large dinner party at the A.'s the following evening. The S-P's called for me, and we took a walk on the Florida and had our tea at an English tea place on that street. There we saw many English people. Every person took tea here, men drinking it instead of the cocktails and highballs which many people of the United States drink.

October 1st: Buenos Aires.

Spring in all its beauty was here. The climate was so exhilarating. The flowers and

blossoms were splendid. I went to the market in the morning, and found my nice, old, wrinkly orange woman. She looked so pleased to see me ; she kissed my hand.

I met a Mrs. C. of Louisville, Ky. She had been in B. A. with her husband for several months. She asked me if I had seen the Recoletta Cemetery, and as I had not even heard of it before, she offered to take me that afternoon. It was just a pleasant walk from our hotel, through a beautiful residential portion of the city. I had often seen this park, but I had not seen the cemetery, which was inclosed with a very tall plaster wall covered with ivy. A small, Spanish type of church stood near the entrance. One entered the large gate and found oneself in a miniature city. It was laid out in streets, which were paved in mosaics.

The mausoleums were erected of marble and exquisite granite of different sizes and designs. The glass doors permitted one to observe the interior, minutely. The casket stood upon a marble bench ; near it was a handsomely carved arm chair ; fine portraits hung on the wall ; and often there were beautiful flowers in golden vases and rich rugs on the floor. We saw some of the friends of the deceased sitting or kneeling beside the caskets. At the door there were receptacles for the cards of those who pay a visit to the dead.

There was a vault underneath this where other caskets could repose. Sometimes beautiful marble statues stood at the entrances to these mausoleums. I really thought I had never seen anything which interested me more. Of course only the very wealthiest Argentines were buried there.

One morning I saw a funeral cortége. The "carro funebre" (hearse) was drawn by four coal black horses, with white reins, and huge black plumes on their heads. The "carro" seemed to swing between the wheels. As each person left his carriage and entered the chapel he dropped his visiting card into a receptacle placed at the door for that purpose. Argentina people observe mourning very closely; even the smallest child of the family is usually dressed in black.

We spent much time in this curious cemetery. From there we took a coach and drove on the Corso, returning for tea at the English tea house on the Florida, and arrived at our hotel about 6 p. m. I had only time to rest a few moments and dress for the dinner at Mrs. A's. Her car came for the R's and myself. There was that night a large and gay dinner party. Every one I met was charming. After dinner a little farce was given by several of the guests; it was clever and very amusing. I told every one's fortune. I enjoyed talking

with the English major,— one was sure to meet him at the “Lela.” There were two young English boys just back from school in England. Their description of Eton and tales of life in an English school interested me, as my sons were just out of college and I was very keen on anything concerning young men of that age.

October 2nd: Buenos Aires.

I went to the G’s for tea. I now could quite easily ask in Spanish for a ticket to Martenez. The quinta was perfect; the roses were beautiful. They grew here in the greatest profusion; the “Marechal Niel” grew to a great height, the vines being often as thick as one’s wrist; the stems and thorns were dark red and glossy, and the perfume delicious. But the roses I liked best were of a large white variety. Some were four inches across; the petals were like white velvet, not very double; the large stamens and pistils were rich yellow; and they had such a delicate perfume. I had never seen roses anywhere else so beautiful as those were. There were many other varieties of beautiful flowers growing here which I had never before seen.

October 3rd: Buenos Aires.

Mrs. G., the lady from Kentucky, was to return by the *Vasari*. We went together to

look at her cabin. She liked the boat immensely. We had our tea with the captain. I invited him to luncheon Wednesday.

Although I had read of the locust plague encountered in this country, I was not prepared to witness the extraordinary sight that I experienced that day. I was reading by an open window when I heard a noise which at first sounded like the roar of the surf at the sea shore; the sound became more distinct and much stronger, and in alarm I looked up and saw a dark cloud coming from the northwest. I hastened to close my windows and doors and was not a moment too soon, for in an instant the locusts struck the glass like hail,—millions of them. I could not see the plaza or the nearest building. This continued for some time, and when it ceased I saw that the ground was covered inches deep, and the opposite walls were as if stuccoed with locusts.

I understood that these insects do not destroy the foliage; it is the young which are hatched from the eggs that are laid by the female locusts. As soon as they can crawl they strip every blade of grass, and the trees and shrubs of their foliage.

The ladies were dreadfully afraid of them. They were very persistent and crawled under the windows and doors; if they got on one's clothing or near enough to eject a nasty, dark

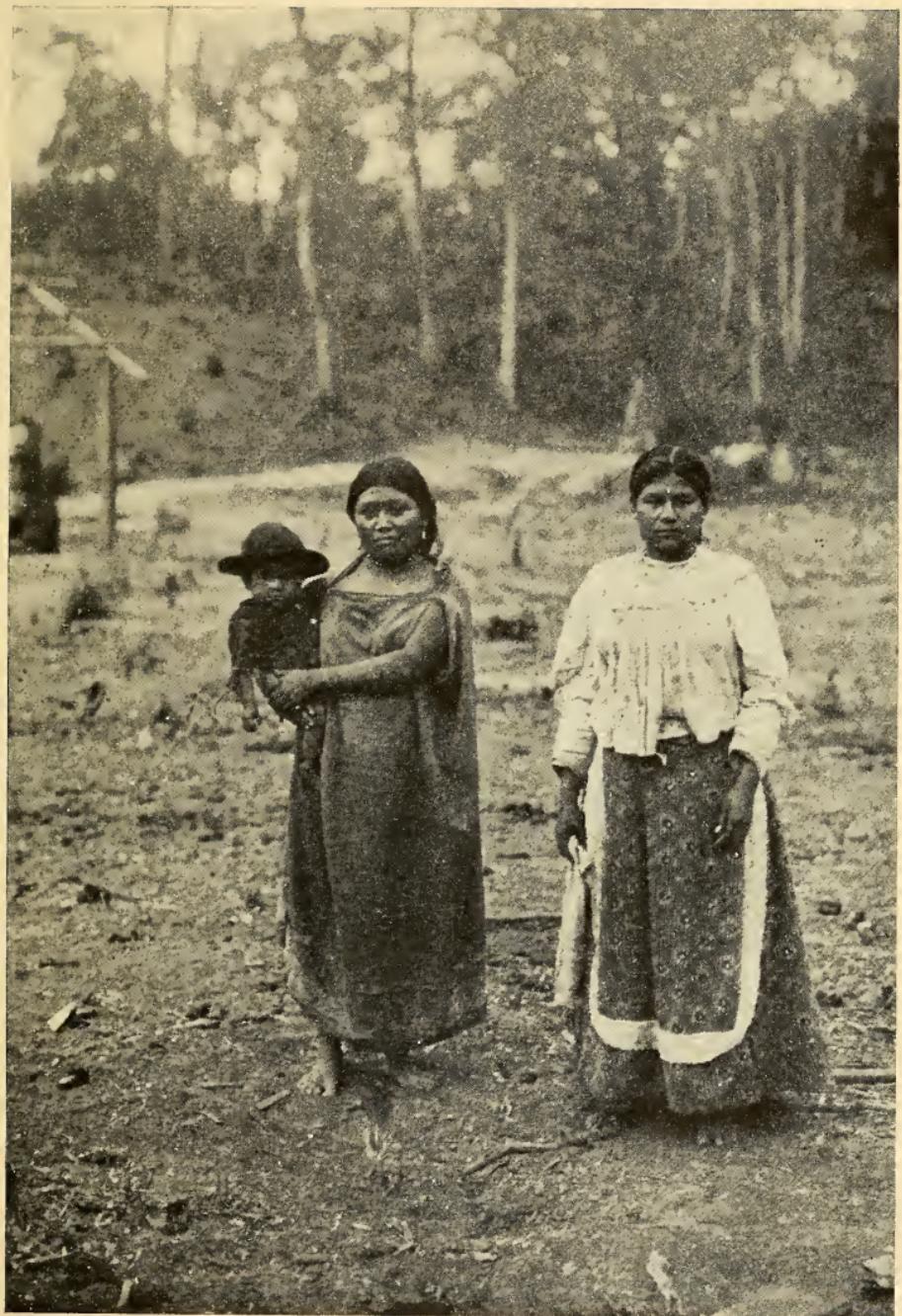
fluid, it stained one's garments; and if it touched one's flesh, it stung like the bite of an insect. One lady told me that the eggs would not be fit to use for several weeks, as the chickens ate the dead locusts and this gave the eggs a dreadful color and taste. The chickens also tasted badly if used now. Sometimes the locusts covered the tracks of the railroads and when crushed created a sticky, greasy substance, making progress impossible until they were cleared away.

The Government of Argentina has been appropriating large sums of money for the extermination of these pests, and the experts are meeting with some success.

October 4th: Buenos Aires.

Mrs. Willie A. and her small son, Kenneth, came for tea with me. K. was a darling; he liked the music. I took him to my rooms to see the pigeons. There were many beautiful ones, which came every day to the balcony and some were so tame that they would eat from my hand and perch on my shoulder and head. I never should have thought I would make a pet of a pigeon, but I really found them great company. Kenneth was so pleased when they ate from his hand.

I received a telegram from J. He was to arrive on the morrow at 8 p. m.



NATIVE INDIAN WOMEN
NORTHERN ARGENTINE

October 5th: Buenos Aires.

I could scarcely put in the day, I was so excited because J. would be back in a few hours. I went with Carlos and Angelica to the "Palace de Glace" to watch the skating. It was a splendid building, and presented a very animated sight. There were many beautiful ladies skating and many pretty children. Some of the costumes were extremely smart. There was some fancy skating. We had tea while there, and I was introduced to many delightful friends of the S-P's.

J. arrived, but I scarcely recognized him. He had been bitten by insects until his face was horribly swollen, and his beard of two weeks' growth made him a sight. He had some difficulty in making the manager of the hotel understand who he really was. Their trip had been interesting but most uncomfortable. They had been obliged to cut their way many times through jungles which looked impassable, and had seen many mountain lions and venomous snakes, Indians, etc. The scenery at times was beautiful. The climate was very tropical, and the native Indians interesting. J. tried to get a snap shot of a baby, naked, but its mother insisted on dressing it in its best Sunday clothes. The accommodations were sometimes dreadful; the hotels certainly

did not bear a Ritz-Carleton reputation for comfort.

But now that he had returned safely, nothing much mattered. I enjoyed hearing the tales of his unusual experiences; they were fascinating.

We were invited to a fancy dress ball at Mrs. A's.

October 6th: Buenos Aires.

It was delightful to be with J. once more. I was anxious to show him all the interesting places I had seen while he had been away. We visited the Art Gallery this afternoon, P. going with us, and there we met Carlos S. P. They enjoyed the pictures and agreed with me that the Zorelles collection was the most interesting.

P. gave a very smart dinner party tonight. There were six of us,— the military attaché of our legation and his wife, a charming couple, and Mr. L. of Virginia, an attaché of the legation at Rio de Janeiro, who was on a visit to B. A. The dinner was given at the French Café on the Florida and was a great success.

Then we had the pleasure of attending the opera given in the Colon Opera House. Dr. B. had given P. the use of his box for the evening. The opera, "Aïda," was well rendered by a Spanish opera company of Madrid, Spain.

The prima donna had a beautiful voice, but she was a poor actress. The tenor was really splendid; he was fine looking, a good actor and a great favorite in B. A., being much feted in Argentine society.

This magnificent opera house was the pride of the Argentine people. I was not surprised, because nothing could be finer. It cost 35,000,000 pesos; it occupied an entire city block, and faced a fine plaza. The exterior was of handsome design and the foyer presented a brilliant sight, filled as it was with handsomely dressed men and women. The jewels worn by the ladies were the finest I had ever seen. The house was arranged in the usual horseshoe shape, and the woodwork was inlaid mahogany; the hangings and color scheme were of that beautiful "Madame de Maintenon" rose. I observed that there was not a vacant seat. We considered ourselves most fortunate to be occupying so splendid a box,—the seventh on the right hand side of the first tier, with a fine view of the stage and audience,—as no seats could be purchased because they all were subscribed for at the beginning of the season. This splendid and fashionable audience seemed to be most appreciative. The people of Argentina are noted for their love and support of things musical.

October 7th: Buenos Aires.

J. and I were fortunate to have been invited to the fancy dress ball given by Mrs. James A. at her residence, the "Lela." She had very kindly told us to come without a fancy costume. As J. was away, I did not decide to go until his return. Lady Susan T. had also just returned from a camping expedition into the pampas, and she and her husband went without costume.

As we approached the "Lela," we saw many curious persons standing outside the iron fence, admiring the brilliant scene within. The beautiful quinta was lighted with many Japanese lanterns; large Japanese umbrellas were protecting cozy seats, and the walks were covered with rich, red velvet carpet. A splendid orchestra played during the evening for those who rested or strolled about this enchanting garden. It was a gay pageant that passed, representing Turks, gondoliers, Spanish dancers, Pirouettes, pollywogs, Miss Polly Prim, Little Boy Blue, Chinamen, and court ladies and gentlemen.

Our hostess wore an exquisite gown of the Louis Quinze period; the fabric was wonderful and it was most becoming. Our host wore the costume of a real Indian Rajah, which he had purchased in India the year previous, and had added all the jewels he owned or could borrow

from the family; he looked regal. Mrs. D. of London wore a costume of Joan d'Arc which was most attractive, I thought. Mrs. Willie A. as Little Boy Blue had two patches on the seat of her trousers and was very amusing.

The decorations in the house were beautiful. The walls of the hall were covered with purple wisteria, and those of the drawing rooms with American Beauty roses. During the evening a buffet luncheon was served in the Chinese room and at midnight a splendid supper. There were not over fifty guests,—mostly English.

The next day the papers were full of glowing accounts of the ball, it having been one of the smartest functions of the season.

October 9th: Buenos Aires.

We had the pleasure of having Mr. A. join us in the grill room for breakfast at 12. He informed us that they had danced at the ball until daylight, and that every one was quite tired out. We were glad of the opportunity of expressing our appreciation of the great pleasure it had given us to be there.

P. dined with us that night; later Carlos S. P. paid us a visit. It was amusing to hear their opinions about matrimony; both are great admirers of North American women.

There were two young boys staying in this

hotel whom I liked very much. They had been in every country of South America with their father, one of the officials of "Grace and Company" of New York. They found Peru the most interesting of all the countries they visited. It certainly had been a wonderful education for them. Now they were very homesick, not having seen their mother for three months.

October 10th: Buenos Aires.

The *Vasari* sailed for New York this morning. J. and I found quite a gathering of our former fellow passengers there. We almost regretted that we, too, were not returning by her, as it would have enabled us to spend Thanksgiving at home.

It was the first time we had seen Major C., the gentleman from Kentucky, since landing in B. A. He told us he had disposed of all his fine racing horses at a fancy price and was sailing for Europe that week. After waving a farewell to the captain and his passengers, we went as the guests of Major C. for luncheon at the Grand Hotel, which is situated on the Florida. It was one of the oldest and most popular of the hotels in B. A.,—quite celebrated for its cuisine. The food was really wonderful. Seated at a table next to us was a party consisting of several members of the

Cabinet of the newly elected President, one of whom I admired very much,— the Secretary of State; he was a diplomat of renown. After lunch we went to the Art Gallery and had tea while there, which was very good.

October 11th: Buenos Aires.

I enjoyed a long drive through an entirely new portion of this wonderful city while on my way to a luncheon party at the home of Mrs. Willie A. I found there several ladies whom I had already met and some others whom I found very agreeable. They were still discussing the ball of Friday night. We used very useful, and to me unusual, silver tongs for the asparagus; everyone remarked about them. Our hostess said she had bought them at Tiffany's in New York.

While strolling through the quinta, which was very beautiful, I remarked a tall pole which had at the top a wire cage with a padlock attached. It contained fresh meat. I was told that this was the proper way to keep it, as it must be consumed the same day that it was killed, and that it was never placed in an ice box.

My hostess accompanied me home in her car and showed me many new and interesting streets and public buildings which I had not yet discovered. It was a beautiful day. I

should have been quite happy if it had not been for the fact that J. left again the next noon. He was sailing for Commordora Rivadavia, in Patagonia, almost the extreme end of South America. This would probably detain us in this country for a month longer. The climate in Patagonia was said to be very uncomfortable and the accommodations poor, so I was to remain where I was until J. returned. P. was to go along. I knew I should miss them very much. And now we should be obliged to spend the holidays in Europe,—probably in France,—instead of in our home, as we had hoped to do. Everyone told us that they had had the same experience in this country; it was always “mañana” (tomorrow). One never got away when one expected. On the other hand, the city was so delightfully interesting and our friends had been so kind and generous, we could not help being happy and contented.

October 12th: Buenos Aires.

At noon, J. and P. sailed for Patagonia on the S. S. *Presidente Quintana*, and to be gone probably a month. I was forlorn and sad after seeing them off.

I had read in the morning *Journal* (I could read a little Spanish now—enough for the general news of the day) that Señor Sanz Peña, the new president, was to be inaugurated that

afternoon. With some friends I went to the Capitol, where we saw him take the oath much as our presidents do in Washington. After taking the oath he was driven from the Capitol to the Pink Palace,—they are scarcely a mile apart. The Avenue de Mayo was flanked on either side by the mounted cavalry, which stood side by side the entire distance. The buildings along this fine avenue were handsomely decorated with flags and festooned with brightly colored bunting.

The president and three other men were driven in a queer looking two-wheeled carriage, a sort of "Tillbury," the seat of which was wide enough for four persons to be seated side by side, and which was drawn by four black horses, hitched abreast. There was no procession, and as soon as the president entered the Pink Palace which is the official residence (the private home of the president being located in another portion of the city), the cavalry formed two by two and rode away. There was no cheering or demonstration of any sort. It appeared most democratic and impressive. The new president, I was told, was a very able man and very popular with all classes in the Argentine. The few times I had seen him I had been impressed by the fine and determined character portrayed in his face. I was so delighted to have had this splendid opportunity

of witnessing the inauguration. I had been present at the recent inaugural of our own President Taft and it was interesting to observe the difference.

October 14th: Buenos Aires.

Mrs. R. and I had luncheon at Mrs. P's, an English lady whose husband is general manager of the Central Argentine Railroad. Mr. P. was quite young, but he had shown so much ability that a great future was predicted for him. His wife was a sweet English girl, and they had one son, Dickey,—a darling little boy of five. Mrs. B., another English lady, was there also. She had a small son about two years of age. They were discussing ways of bringing up boys, and they both admitted that six or seven was the proper age to place them in boarding school. Of course this seemed strange to me, feeling, as I did, that I could not be separated from my sons until they were ready for college. It was very interesting to hear their points of view on many subjects; they were so entirely opposite from mine. We had a rubber of bridge, and Mrs. R. and I took a long walk before returning to our hotel. We did not change, but dined in the grill.

October 17th: Buenos Aires.

Mrs. R. and I lunched with Mrs. B. today.

She was another beautiful English lady whom I met at the "Lela,"—the daughter of one of London's society leaders. Her husband owned large stone quarries in Uruguay and they lived a part of each year in Buenos Aires, and the other half in London. Their home was one of the older Argentine houses,—one story,—built around an open court which had a beautiful fountain in the center, with flowers, birds, palms, marble statues and benches, and roses and honeysuckle blooming on its sides,—a charming spot. The ceilings were of great height and the room enormous. We had a delicious luncheon, and a rubber of bridge.

It rained all the afternoon. Mrs. R. and I walked home through the rain and had tea in her rooms, making some delicious toast on her new electric toaster. This toaster was a present from some friend in New York.

October 18th: Buenos Aires.

Miss G. and her young sister lunched with me. They were so charming I enjoyed having them. I had a book, "The Wild Olive," to send to their mother.

We had a big mail from U. S. A. and also from Europe. Although the letters were one month old, they were very precious, and comforted me greatly, as I had had no news of J. since he left Bi Blanca, over a fortnight before.

For a change, I ate my dinner in the grill. I was glad I did, because I saw there the general of the Argentine Army. I should judge that he was sixty years of age, and his wife, who was with him, might have been twenty-five. She was very pretty; had a beautiful figure; and dressed with great taste. Her hats and gowns were said to be quite marvelous. He was wearing the full-dress, regimental costume, — white trousers with gold stripes, a rich red coat with gold lace and buttons, a splendid sword and spurs of gold, and a helmet with gorgeous white plumes. His complexion was as dark as that of an Indian, and his eyes piercing black. He looked, indeed, like a fighting man, and one I should dislike to meet in battle. Every evening they walked for a half hour in the balcony, and added a touch of color to the always animated scene.

October 19th: Buenos Aires.

Carlos and Angelica dined with me tonight; it was nice to have them. The new Mayor of Buenos Aires gave a very smart dinner party here in the evening, and they danced in the ball room afterwards. It was quite an affair, and the ladies were most beautifully attired and very pretty. The wife of the mayor was exceedingly good looking and quite young. The Argentines danced beautifully, I thought.

October 20th: Buenos Aires.

Angelica took me shopping today. As she did not understand English and I did not speak Spanish, Carlos had suggested that she say to me, "Mrs. C., are you satisfied?" and I reply "No" or "Si." She was to arrange for the prices, etc. After visiting many shops very much like those of our own country, and trying on many beautiful hats, I at last selected a large, flat, English looking shape of French gray satin straw, faced in black velvet, with eight natural gray ostrich plumes. It compared very favorably in price with those in our shops on Fifth Avenue. It was most becoming, "*un très joli chapeau.*" I felt quite in fashion. Angelica, just to be polite and to show her appreciation of my taste, purchased one exactly like it. Carlos met us, and we drove to the French Café for some delicious cakes and coffee.

October 21st: Buenos Aires.

The day was perfect, sunshiny, and just cool enough to be bracing. I concluded to go to Belgrano, a suburb of B. A. I knew Car 31 would take me there. When I arrived in front of a Spanish church I got off the car and paid a visit to this beautiful example of old Moorish architecture. It contained some fine old paintings; the windows and frescos were especially

good. As usual, there were no seats. Some of the altars were most interesting. I liked it the best of all the churches I had yet seen in B. A. Many wealthy Argentines had magnificent country homes in Belgrano. I got off the car at Palermo Park, and walked back to the hotel. I paused a moment to wonder again at the strangeness of the Recoletta Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. R. gave a handsome dinner party for thirty friends tonight in a private dining room. It was a charming party; I enjoyed it so much because I knew many of the guests, having met them when being entertained at the A.'s. The dinner was followed by bridge; every one played so well, and always for money.

October 22nd: Buenos Aires.

The day was beautiful and I was delighted that I had been invited to the Golf Club for the tournament. I carried my kodak with me and took some pictures which I hoped would be good. I found I knew a great many people who were there, and every one was charming. Mrs. R. won the ladies' cup, which pleased me much.

At tea I sat beside Mr. D., who very kindly sent me home in one of his motor cars and instructed his man to drive me through many portions of the city which I had not yet seen. This city was a constant surprise. It seemed

to be endless ; the houses being, as many of them were, only one story, naturally they covered much ground.

I met a French lady, Madam T. of Paris. Her husband was here in connection with the art exhibit. She was interesting, as she knew so many of the great painters in Paris. Her apartments were opposite ours. They had been here three months, and were sailing in two weeks for Paris.

October 23rd: Buenos Aires.

I wondered what had happened when the telephone awakened me at 8:30 this morning. I found that a picnic to the Tigre had been arranged by Mr. D. and that a car would call for the R.'s and myself at 9:30. Needless to say I was ready. The day was like one of our beautiful days in May ; the sky was blue, and the sunshine and air perfect. The Tigre was a river situated about thirty miles from Buenos Aires, and on its banks were many fine villas, a casino, and several boat clubs. We started at 9:30 and followed the River Plate west along a fine boulevard, which had just been completed. Two roadways were divided by a green turf and a row of trees. One of them was for those going west and the other for those coming east. All along this boulevard we saw splendid old country estates, with large plaster

houses setting well back from the road. The tall, ivy colored walls bore roses and honeysuckle, rendering the air fragrant with their perfume. We heard birds with beautiful plumage singing.

When we arrived at the villa of Mrs. A. we found that about twenty other guests had arrived by motor. We were shown the villa, which was a beautiful English house, well arranged and having bachelor quarters attached. I was told the house parties in the season were most delightful. The grounds were beautiful; there were squash, cricket and tennis courts. The boat house was so pretty, covered as it was with roses. There were a number of pleasure boats which took us for a ride on the river. After passing the fine buildings along the river, many different kinds of pleasure craft, and a house boat or two, we entered one of the many hundreds of narrow little water ways which led from the Tigre and which had formed innumerable islands, many of which were planted with peach trees. I was told that when ripe these peaches were very fine and had a delicious flavor. For over an hour we passed up and down, in and out of these fascinating narrow waterways, so narrow at times that we could have plucked the flowers on the banks, as they grew fairly into the water's edge.

Suddenly an aroma of food became ap-

parent; we had arrived at the island where our luncheon had been prepared. On landing, the first thing we saw was a whole lamb on a spit, being roasted before a large open fire. A kettle of potatoes was boiling, and fragrant coffee was brewing. A most generous and delectable feast was spread before our hungry eyes,—every delicacy one could fancy. Cold capon, salads, champagne and ices all were there, and such appetites after our long ride in the fresh spring air! The lamb was the most delicious I had ever tasted. Mr. D. fed the chickens bread soaked in "Scotch"; it was droll to see them tumble on their heads.

After luncheon every one played "bat ball." I had not seen it played since a child. We tied our coats to the trees for bases and used a flat board for a bat. There was much amusement when dignified Mrs. R. collided with young D. and both were sent sprawling on the earth.

We returned by still other waterways, beautifully shaded. When we again reached the main river it was midafternoon, and the Tigre presented an animated scene. There were crews, rowing races with their narrow shells and others punting in those queer looking punts, electric launches with gay awnings, and young people wearing brightly colored sporting costumes. The verandas of the club houses seemed equally animated, with many

fashionably dressed people drinking tea, watching the boats and listening to the fine music of the orchestra. We had tea at the villa, and every one took heaps of roses back to town.

The ride home was delightful. When we reached the Hipódromo Argentino the races were just over and for a time it seemed as though it would be impossible for us to reach the hotel, as there were thousands of carriages, automobiles and people, going back to the city. I thought I had never enjoyed anything more than this very pleasant day.

October 29th: Buenos Aires.

I thought this morning I would not go out, and was enjoying a pleasant time writing and arranging my rooms. Hearing a noise and music, I looked from the balcony and saw a great crowd of Turks escorting their new Minister, Prince Ermin Arslan, who arrived from Turkey this morning. I hastily dressed and arrived at the reading room window just in time to see his "Majesty" drive into the court and enter the hotel. I saw him quite easily, as he waited several moments while his picture was being taken. He was a very good looking man, not at all as I had expected a Turk would look. He made quite an address to several thousand people who stood in front of the hotel. They were a very picturesque looking crowd, many

wearing their native costume. I afterwards understood that there were about fifty thousand Turks in this city. We had a thunder storm today.

October 30th: Buenos Aires.

Still raining! I lunched with Madam T. of Paris. She was most interesting, so very different from any one else whom I had ever met. Her husband, who was positively the ugliest man I ever saw, was a "Deputy" and he had some official position here for the French Government,—Commissioner for the Art Exhibition, I think. She told me she was disposing of all her gowns and had already sold their automobile, which seemed extraordinary.

After lunch we were chatting with Señora P. of Rio de Janeiro,—a very sweet lady, who speaks English fluently, having studied English with Prof. Darby, the same gentleman we met in Rio de Janeiro on our way to B. A. While chatting with her she often used this expression,—"My God." Of course I was shocked, but I was too polite to remark about it. Today when she used it again Madam T. was horrified and said,

"Oh, you must not say that in English. *Mon Dieu* is all right in French, but in English, *jamais, jamais!*!"

The dear, gentle little Brazilian lady was

very much embarrassed I was sure. Madam T. invited me to let her know when I would be in Paris, as she wished to introduce me to the artists' side of life. She promised to take me shopping, and after mentioning the best couturières, modistes, etc., etc., she said:

“Now the house of so and so is the best for complexion and hair dyeing.”

I remarked that I did not believe in either, but she assured me it was quite impossible not to resort to both in order to look presentable; that she thought every lady did.

I went for a short visit to Martenez, and took tea with Ruth and Mr. G. Mrs. G. was quite indisposed today. It was too wet to visit the quinta.

November 1st: Buenos Aires.

It was quite hot, but in my rooms, with the shutters closed and the doors open, I found it very comfortable. It was one of those “nobody loves me” days, and when Mrs. R. knocked on my door, it was a most agreeable surprise and pleasure to see her. I suggested a drive on the Corso, and she said,

“Just the thing to do.”

The Corso was gay that afternoon and we passed the Turkish minister several times; he looked quite princely. He rode in a victoria

which had red wheels; the coachman and footman had red feathers on the sides of their tall hats and red bands on their uniforms; the horses were a handsome black pair, driven with red lines. The beautiful señoritas were resplendent in the latest Paris fashion, but they looked bored.

Baron Krupp and his party created some excitement when they arrived in the evening accompanied by navy and army officers, barons, counts, etc., from Vienna. They came over in a battleship and brought along the court military band (which afterwards gave a fine concert in the Colon Theatre). They were escorted from the *Dartseña Norte* to this hotel by members of the Argentine navy. In the dining room they sat at one large table occupying the center of the room. In their bright colored uniforms they presented a gay appearance. Many of them were very handsome, especially Baron Krupp. I afterward heard that their object in visiting this country was to make large meat contracts for Austria.

November 2nd: Buenos Aires.

Several times we had planned an excursion to La Plata, but not until today had we been able to go there. Dr. D., the S-P's, and myself started about 11 A. M. It took us forty

minutes to drive to the railroad station, where I was surprised to find a very modern and up-to-date station.

La Plata was a city situated about forty miles southeast of B. A. on the sea coast. This city was laid out and planned to be the capital of Argentine, but for some reason it never became so. The streets were wide, well shaded and contained beautiful parks and splendid buildings. The Argentine navy yards were situated there, and the large meat packing houses were near the coast. All very large vessels called here, instead of at B. A.

Our train left B. A. at 12 o'clock, the country through which we traveled resembled parts of Missouri; the meadows were brilliant with the richly colored flowers, and fine herds of cattle stood to their knees in the purple alfalfa, which grew there abundantly. These cattle looked like splendid specimens of the Holstein breed. The large buildings of the *Estancias* were almost hidden by the great number of eucalyptus trees, which grow very rapidly in this country. The ground appeared lower than the railroad tracks and there were no hills.

After an hour and a half's ride, we arrived at our destination and walked from the station to the museum along a fine, wide avenue, densely shaded by rows of trees which grew on either side. On our way we passed the Zoo-

logical Garden; it was well arranged and contained many animals similar to those in B. A. The National Museum was a fine, large building, containing many antediluvian and prehistoric objects of great value and interest. After viewing the skeletons of giants, as well as pygmies, there was no longer any doubt in my mind about the existence of giants and dwarfs. "Jack, the Giant Killer" must have been buried in South America, as well as Gulliver's Lilliputians.

One object that we saw was most interesting, — a piece of the skin and hair of a pre-historic animal, which had been found in a cave in lower Patagonia. It was in a perfect state of preservation and was thought to have been many thousands of years old. This precious piece of skin and hair was in an air-tight, glass receptacle.

There were many other curios and interesting objects but we could not spend much time at the museum, as we were invited to visit the new school which Señor Nelson had just established. This gentleman was a graduate of Columbia College, U. S. A., and very charming and amiable. The buildings were very modern and attractive. They had an outdoor swimming pool, a good football and cricket ground, and the boys were as handsome and mischievous a lot of youths as you would see anywhere.

They seemed to adore Señor Nelson who thought these boarding schools would be a good thing for the youth, as hitherto young boys had been and still were much indulged by their parents, especially by the wealthier classes in Argentine.

There was also a fine college located here. The buildings looked large and commodious, but as the college was not in session, we did not visit the interior of the buildings; however, the campus and athletic grounds looked splendid. We drove about the city admiring the beautiful homes and well shaded streets, and saw some of the larger state buildings.

When I arrived at the hotel about 8 p. m., I found a telegram from J. stating that he was well, and would arrive in B. A. the first of the following week.

November 4th: Buenos Aires.

I entertained Lieutenant E., the young navy officer who was aboard the *Vasari* coming to B. A. from New York, and his brother, who had graduated from Cornell College the year previous. They were charming types of young Argentine men. The Cornell man spoke English fluently, but the navy officer spoke only German and French. They told me that many of the young men of Argentina attended Cornell, it being their favorite college in the

U. S. A. The lieutenant looked very handsome in his full dress uniform.

November 7th: Buenos Aires.

I was thankful to see J. safe and in good health. He had had a very wonderful and interesting journey. The country through which he traveled was the exact opposite of that of his last expedition. The country in Patagonia was bleak and cold; there were severe winds, and most of the houses were not well heated. Sometimes when the wind blew very strongly they were obliged to go to bed in order to keep warm. *Terra del Fuego* was very barren, cold and uninteresting. They had found some oil, but the government wished to own and develop it themselves. Sometime it may become a great oil field, as it is near the sea coast and the oil could be used as fuel on the steamers and also used as fuel to heat the houses. It was a long and tiresome voyage, requiring thirty days on water, going and returning.

Today J. had occasion to call on the city electrician of B. A., Señor N., who, he discovered, was the same gentleman he had met in our own city several years previous at a banquet given for some noted visiting electrical men. They recalled the meeting and Señor N. immediately invited us to dine with him that eve-

ning at the Jockey Club; unfortunately we had invited guests, so we asked him to join us instead. I was told that Señor N. was very popular in B. A. He was a member of many clubs and a devoted aviator, making an ascent every day when possible. We were invited to dine with him at the Jockey Club the next evening.

November 8th: Buenos Aires.

When I awoke this morning I saw some American Beauty roses and a box of bon bons on the table beside my bed. J. had got up very early and taken a walk down the Florida to purchase them. When one has been married twenty-five years, such attentions are very much appreciated.

We had mail from the States and from Europe. J. and I drove on the Corso and at eight we went to dine with Señor N. at the Jockey Club. We had seen the club before but had never dined there. We were delighted with the delicious cuisine, which was said to be the finest in Argentina. Our dinner lasted three hours and each course was a surprise, comprising many delicacies which had been brought from Europe; the wine was rare old Burgundy, our host was charming, and we enjoyed a delightful evening.

Señor N. told us some of his experiences



TREE CALLED "THE DRUNKARD"

NORTHERN ARGENTINE

during his visit to U. S. A. six years previous. While staying in New York, the daughter of one of our most noted inventors begged her father to invite him for tea. She asked several of her girl friends to meet him and they were expecting a lark, but the young lady confessed afterwards that as they were prepared to meet an Indian with war paint, or some very unusual person, they were surprised to meet instead a young gentleman who had been educated at Cornell and who spoke English as fluently as Spanish.

Señor N. invited us to have breakfast next Sunday morning at the Aviation Club and afterwards to make an ascent with him in his balloon. He also asked us to attend the largest running horse race of the year, a sort of "Derby Day." We were to have admission to the Jockey Club grandstand and the privilege of the paddock.

November 9th: Buenos Aires.

This afternoon we visited some of the Exposition buildings, and returning, explored the Botanical Gardens, which were very interesting. Some of the trees were covered with exquisite sweet scented yellow and purple blossoms quite different from any I had seen in our country.

Dr. B. gave us his box at the opera for the evening. There was a double bill, "I' Pagli-

acci" and "*Il Trovatore*." P. and Mr. and Mrs. R. went with us. We liked the Spanish company, and both operas were well rendered. The audience was smaller than the one which we had seen there the month previous; many of the box holders had gone to Mar del Plata or Europe. But I noticed that the audience seemed just as attentive and appreciative as they were the first evening we attended the opera.

November 10th: Buenos Aires.

The weather was quite warm. Cotton gowns were a necessity. J. gave a luncheon to some Argentine men friends. In the afternoon we drove on the Corso, calling at the "*Recolletta*." I wanted J. to see this very strange cemetery.

That night we had a dinner for our English friends, the R's, who were sailing the next day for England. I should miss them, but we hoped to see each other in London in January, and possibly we might spend some time at Monte Carlo together. How I wished we also were sailing on the morrow! It would probably be some time before J. would know when we should be ready to start.

November 11th: Buenos Aires.

It was a very hot day. P. lunched with us

and directly afterwards we started for the Pellegrini Races at the *Hipòdromo Argentino*.

When we arrived at the club house it was well filled. The building occupied by the club members was built of light gray plaster. The style of architecture was unique. From every conceivable nook and crevice hung pink vining geraniums; the color effect was perfect. We found the grand stand comfortably filled and many were strolling on the lawn in front of the stand, where bright colored umbrellas had been placed over comfortable seats. I had never seen in one place so many splendid looking men or beautiful ladies; the dresses of the ladies were the newest and best Paris creations, and were worn with much grace. The men were equally well groomed, wearing the invariable light spats, silk hat and morning coat.

Just before the racing started, the president, Señor Sanz Peña, and his wife, followed by the military attachés in full uniform, were driven down the race track amid the cheers of the vast crowds of people who filled the public grand stands. They alighted at the entrance to the club house and were met by the Mayor of B. A. and the president of the Jockey Club and their wives; then all walked to the grand stand. It gave one a fine opportunity to observe them closely. The Honorable James Bryce, the

British Ambassador to Washington, and his wife, were there also.

When the first race began there were twenty-six horses at the starting place. It was a wonderful sight to see them all dash off together. The prize for that race was forty thousand dollars in gold. The second race had twenty horses at the start and the purse was ten thousand dollars in gold. The betting was enormous. I was told it amounted to several hundred thousand dollars that day and the *Journal* announced that over a hundred thousand people attended the races.

Between the races an Italian aviator, Cantana, made some beautiful flights and alighted in front of the club house.

We were hours securing our carriage, and returned to our hotel, very tired, but wonderfully pleased that we had witnessed the day's sports. We were indebted to Señor N. for our invitation.

The day was a national holiday. At the Tigre there were boat races, and in the evening a ball at the Casino. We were too tired to accept an invitation to the ball, but P. went and told us about it afterwards.

Sunday, November 12th: Buenos Aires.

We took breakfast at the Aviation Club with Señor N. this morning, and accepted his very

kind invitation to go with him in his balloon for a little ascent. It looked so beautiful,— this great, white, silken, swaying ball, tugging on the ropes like an uneasy steed, eager to be off. The day was perfect, not a cloud on the beautiful, blue sky; nothing could have been more desirable for our ascent,— only I was afraid. I could scarcely get my breath as we climbed into the basket. In a moment everything was ready, the fastenings loosened and we were off. No, it was the earth, the people, the houses, the trees and the river which seemed to sink away. I felt that we were perfectly still, and that they were slowly going farther and farther from us. The voices of the people were perfectly audible, but they themselves seemed to be at a great distance. I felt as if nothing else would ever matter,— as if one would never wish to do anything else but breathe this wonderful air and float, as I had often seen a beautiful soft cloud on a June day. Palermo Park lay so quiet and green underneath us; the city looked like a toy village in the distance; the River Plate seemed a sea of gold; the boulevards were like bands bound around green parcels. Our host explained how scientific ballooning really was, how the many currents of air necessitated different ways of handling his toy.

After enjoying this delightful sensation for

some time our host gave a little touch to the valve and slowly, dreamily, the earth began to rise to meet us; voices again became audible,—the barking of the dogs, the noise of the tram-way,—and then, as gently as a bird alights on its nest, we came to earth and stepped out, satisfied that our friend was the nicest and kindest man in the world and that ballooning was simply “heavenly.”

Two years later our friend, Señor N., was killed while making a daring exhibition with an aeroplane at Mendoza. Some part of the machinery broke and he fell five thousand feet and was killed instantly. The account of his funeral that I read in the *B. A. Journal* stated that the greatest honors were paid to his remains. His body laid two days in the City Hall, his friends carried the casket to “Recolletta,” and all the way was strewn with flowers.

November 13th: Buenos Aires.

A visit paid Señor and Señora de B. was an interesting experience. Their home was one of the typical Spanish houses. Everything about it was ancient and interesting, the queer court in the center of the building containing odd plants, birds and a fountain. The furniture was very antique,—the paintings also; and the funny little knickknacks here and there looked

queer among such splendid pieces of furniture. The servants were native Indians who had probably served them for years ; everything seemed to take one back into the past. These charming old people seemed to be as active and keen as if they were fifty instead of ninety years of age. They had dressed to attend a wedding reception that evening. The Señora was wearing light blue silk, long and flowing,—it might have been made fifty years ago ; the jewels on her bare neck and arms were priceless, and her black hair was beautifully arranged.

They showed us photographs of many celebrated men and women whom they had met, one of which was an autographed photograph of Doñ Pedro, which he had given to them many years before when, as a bride, the Señora had been in Rio de Janeiro and the Emperor had danced with her at a ball.

The Señor was equally interesting. His tall and slender figure looked well in evening dress. He, I was told, was one of the original members of the Bolsa or Stock Exchange of B. A., and the Señora had always been a favorite and a great belle in her day. She presented us with their photographs.

November 14th: Buenos Aires.

I went with Señora U. to see some Paris gowns which a French couturière was showing

at the Grand Hotel. They were beautiful and were styles which would be sent to New York six months hence. However, the tariff for this country was quite as high as that of our own, and not thinking it advisable to pay double duty, I did not purchase anything. Besides, the prices were higher than for the same things in U. S. A. But they were very enticing, I must admit.

November 15th: Buenos Aires.

There lived in the hotel, with her parents, a beautiful young Argentine girl about eighteen years of age. We had quite fallen in love with R. She was rather petite; had beautiful blue eyes, and soft, wavy brown hair, an exquisite complexion,—like a ripe peach,—a perfect figure, and best of all, a charming personality. She was educated in English, French and German boarding schools, and spoke all of these languages fluently. She rode horseback, fenced, swam, skated and danced and was altogether the dearest child I ever met. I was crazy to have P. meet her and I asked permission of her parents to present him.

This afternoon Señor and Señora de B. came for tea. I was waiting for them at the entrance to the hotel and I saw them as they drove up in their old fashioned carriage. What a picture as they came up the steps, she

leaning on his arm, wearing a blue silk dress, long and flowing, which was almost covered with a fine, black, thread lace shawl. Her bonnet had artificial grapes and foliage which concealed the queer old shape. Señor had a white carnation in the button hole of his long, tightly buttoned Prince Albert, and the tall silk hat and white spats accentuated his six feet or more of height. He carried on his arm a gold headed cane, and in one hand a large bouquet of flowers made into one of those pyramid shapes, with lace paper underneath, which he at once bestowed upon me. During our tea she drew from an old silken receptacle or bag a bottle of rare old wine and a small pound cake, and presented them to me. Such dear, kind, old people,— how much I liked them!

November 16th: Buenos Aires.

While I was watching the young people dance a sweet child, whose home is in Chile and who was staying here in the hotel with his parents, took my hand and also a large red chiffon scarf which I wore, and dragging me on to the ball room floor, proceeded to enact a pantomime bull fight. Every one was enthusiastic except myself, who, being the bull, was rather sore. There were no bull fights in B. A., but I understood that there were in Chile.

November 17th: Buenos Aires.

Dr. B. and P. called for us at 8:30 to take a little ride in the Park, but when we got to Palermo the morning was so fine we just kept on going, and before we realized it we were at the Tigre, a ride of 29 or 30 miles. The country looked wonderful as we flew along in the splendid French car. J. had not seen this country before and he was delighted with the fine roads and splendid country estates; it made one think of Long Island. Arriving at the Tigre, Dr. B. had his electric launch waiting for us, and for over an hour we followed the narrow little waterways, passing the numberless islands, one of which is owned by Dr. B. He insisted that we spend the entire day and lunch there; but we were obliged to be at our hotel at 12, as we had invited guests to luncheon. After a few refreshments at the Casino we started for B. A. and arrived at the steps of our hotel at 12 exactly. Our guests were awaiting us, and when we told them what we had done they were amazed at the speed of our car.

Mr. and Mrs. A. and Mr. D. were lunching with us, and it was fortunate that the luncheon had been ordered beforehand. It was really difficult to make our kind friends understand how much we appreciated the many attentions which had been so agreeable and so enjoyable

and had added so much to our happiness in B. A. Señorita R. and P. dined with us that evening, but they scarcely saw us, they were so much absorbed in each other. I have never seen two young people better suited. I do hope they will be happy, since I feel responsible for their meeting.

November 18th: Buenos Aires.

Tonight we dined with the A.'s at the *Tigre*. We went down on the steam car. On arriving at the *Tigre* our host's electric launch was waiting for us and took us for a ride on the river and through the canals. The sunset was beautiful and the reflections on sky and water were superb. All the villas were occupied, and it was an ideal summer resort, although I was informed that most every one who could spent December and January at the fashionable sea side resort, Mar del Plata, situated on the sea coast two hundred miles by rail from B. A. The air was rather chilly, and when we arrived at the villa a big log fire was burning in the drawing room. It felt very comfortable.

It was a gay little dinner party of about twenty of the friends we had met oftenest at Mrs. A.'s,— a sort of farewell dinner, as we were to sail on the 25th. I promised the nice English major a rich North American heiress for a wife if he would come to visit us.

The moon was full going back to the station, and the reflection on the river was beautiful. When we arrived at the hotel it was midnight, and Buenos Aires looked wonderful by the bright moonlight. We lingered a long time on the balcony, enjoying the beautiful sight and congratulating ourselves that we had been so happy during our visit in this interesting country.

November 20th: Buenos Aires.

It being our last Sunday in Buenos Aires we went to Martenez to say adieu to the G.'s. We found a number of other North Americans there also. We took P. with us ; he was charmed with this hospitable family. Every one was invited to visit the quinta, where we found that "cherries were ripe." Ladders stood beside the trees, and one was expected to climb them and eat all one wished. There were red, black, and white cherries ; it was difficult to determine which were best. That evening the parents of Señorita R., she and P. dined with us. These Latin love affairs progressed so rapidly they made me quite dizzy.

November 21st: Buenos Aires.

Señorita R. and P. went with me to investigate the steamship *Cap Blanca*, on which we had taken accommodations for France, sailing the 25th of the month. Our cabins were large and

connecting and were on the right side of the steamer. I thought they would be very comfortable. The boat was rather small but well commanded, I was told, and had a reputation for a fine cuisine. There were not to be over forty first-class passengers, which is desirable on a long voyage.

We visited the Capitol building, as I had not yet seen much of its interior. We met a friend of Señorita R. who was a member of Congress, and he very courteously conducted us through the different departments. The building was modeled after our own Capitol at Washington and was very handsome indeed. Then we drove on the Corso, R. and P. being so happy together that we only returned in time for luncheon at 12:30.

November 22nd: Buenos Aires.

The English major and Señor N. lunched with us today. Ballooning and aviation were the principal topics of conversation. One wonders what part they would take if there should be any great wars in the future.

After lunch Major L. invited us all to go to Hurlingham to witness a polo match. We motored out in Señor N.'s car, and the game was fine. They had some splendid ponies, and several of the English officers played a fine game. Hurlingham was the Englishman's racing club;

but I knew several Americans, attachés of our embassy, who kept fine horses there.

November 23rd: Buenos Aires.

P. entertained the parents of R. and ourselves at dinner that night; afterwards he had a box party at the theatre. We saw a Spanish production of the new opera "The Count of Luxemburg." It was rendered by a company from Madrid, Spain. I saw it afterwards in my own country,—it was quite a different version. I was told that most operas were adapted to please the Argentine ideas. I should have been very happy, only all the evening I felt that a flea was biting me, and as George Moore said in one of his books, "It always bites one in just the spot one cannot reach." It was my own fault; that afternoon I had walked through a portion of the city where many of the lower class of foreigners dwelt. The people always looked so interesting, but, as I found to my sorrow, it was not the most sanitary place in B. A. to walk. It was the only insect, excepting the grasshopper, which I encountered while I lived in B. A.

November 24th: Thanksgiving in Buenos Aires.

This was the hottest day we had had since coming to B. A., and I remembered often having

taken a sleigh ride on Thanksgiving. It was a very busy, happy day,—our last one in this lovely city. All the luggage except one piece had gone to the steamer *Cap Blanco*, which was sailing the next day at 10 A. M.

My dear little R. had scarcely left me all day. She was sure that P. would propose that night at the ball which the hotel was giving for the guests from the U. S. A. in honor of our Thanksgiving Day.

Monsieur J., the manager, and M., the head waiter, promised that the dinner which we gave for some friends that night should be a surprise; and it surely was. Monsieur J. told me that he had cooked the canvas back ducks himself, and M. baked the French pancakes in blazing rum at the table. Every one was enthusiastic over these culinary efforts. Dr. B., one of our guests, sent us a wonderful floral piece; it was made up of dozens of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley arranged on an oblong basket. It was an exquisite present.

P., dear Rosaria, Dr. B., his wife and ourselves had a very pleasant evening, attending the ball afterwards. I hated to think it was our last evening in this delightful city. I danced several times with P., who danced as only a South American can. All the young men of our embassy also asked me to dance.

November 25th: *Aboard the S. S. Cap Blanco.*

It was with genuine regret that we left the Plaza Hotel. It had been such a comfortable home for ten weeks. The servants were so faithful and attentive and even Monsieur J.,—thinking of our comfort,—had given us letters to the managers of the Hotel Ritz in Paris and the Carleton in London. When we arrived at the dock we found a score of friends awaiting on ship board to bid us *bon voyage*. They had filled our cabins with gifts, fruit, bonbons, wine, flowers, etc.,—but best of all, they themselves were there to say adieu. We thought how different it was from our landing ten weeks before. R. and P. were looking so radiantly happy I felt sure everything was settled; that they were betrothed. As we sailed away, waving a fond farewell to those dear friends we left standing on the dock, we realized that all our dreams had come true and that all our expectations had been more than fulfilled. We knew that we loved our cousins of South America and adored Buenos Aires, the CITY BEAUTIFUL.

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